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AN INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Helpless we are in our weakness and infirmity,
Like the vapors of a night here and yonder
driven;
Master of Life! dost Thou hear Thy children
calling Thee?
Answer out of Heaven!

Scornfully we talk of our erring brother's
frailty—
Thanking God the while we are not so vile
as he;
Master of Life! oh, teach us Thy humility,
Let us learn of Thee!

Reels our falling faith. We scoff at the invisible,
Throwing in our tempted hearts the mocking
devil Doubt.
Master of Life! by the holy power of miracle
Cast the demon out!

Passion's hellish fire sleep our souls in sinfulness,
Angels stand without, while fiends exult
within:
Master of Life! by Thy temptings in the wilderness,
Pity us who sin!

Sense of coming ill weighs upon us heavily,
In the skeleton arms of woe our joys are hushed
to sleep.
Master of Life! by Thy sorrow in Gethsemane,
Suffer us to weep!

Underneath the cloud of misfortune and calamity,
Hope falleth sick and love falleth by the
way;
Master of Life! by the griefs of Thy humanity,
Hear us when we pray!

Droop we in the passage of our mortal misery,
Shrink we from the fiery pain that burneth to
make pure;
Master of Life! by Thy cross and Thy death-
agony,
Help us to endure.

Thine is all our offering. Thou in Heaven seest
us.
Fall we at Thy feet, crying only, "We believe."
Master of Life! by the anguish Thou hast borne
for us,
Pity, and receive!

A. L. MUZZEY.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

Lord Kingswood passed a terrible night alone in his study.

The communication made to him by Phariace overwhelmed more than it bewildered him. He believed it, even though he tried to consider it but the loose statement of an intoxicated man, who, in the aberrations of drunkenness, confused the details of the story confided to him.

It was humiliating to him to reflect that, although he only too well knew that the woman he had loved—and yet loving, betrayed—had borne him a child, he had never made a single inquiry respecting its sex.

The circumstances connected with the whole transaction were so base, that in the spring of his married life with Lady Kingswood he was only too glad to let them sink into an obscurity so deep that they could never again be dragged forth to human gaze.

He had, it is true, his compunctions visitings. Conscience will make its voice heard, even in the breasts of the hardened; but, alas! his passionate fits of remorse—indulged in when quite alone—were less for the sufferings he had made his victim endure than they were for the hazardous position in which his villany had placed him. This systematic closing of his mind and memory against every incident connected with his cruel guilt deprived him of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many minor facts which now would have been of importance to him, and he was, consequently, when the events were reproduced, attended with terrible forewarnings of evil to him, tossed upon a sea of doubt and incertitude, which prevented him actually discrediting any tale thrust upon him.

He was, however, tempted to believe the story told him by Phariace, for the reason that the latter had received it from some old man living in an obscure neighborhood, and who evidently, when Phariace met him, had been engaged in tracking out Horace Vernon, possibly with the view of making money of the information he possessed. He had mentioned facts which one alone who was in possession of the principal events could have disclosed. His object was clearly not to de-

ceive, but either to gratify the feelings of revenge, originating in some wrong inflicted upon him by Vernon, or the greed of gain.

In any case, he could have no motive, such as Vernon had, to trick or cheat the person most deeply interested in his revelations; and the probabilities, therefore, were, that he had spoken the truth—that, indeed, the fair, spirit-like creature he had seen with Vernon in the park, and in the *salon* of the Marquis of Chillingham, was his daughter. In one particular this possibility created within his breast a sense of relief. If it were so, his son Cyril—the son of Lady Kingswood—would still be the heir of his House.

Then, to disturb this impression, the marvellous resemblance which the face of Eric bore to his own and to his ancestors presented itself to him. Was that a coincidence? It might be. A strange one, doubtless, but still not impossible. If this girl, now put forward as his child, were not his daughter, her resemblance to the mystic Lady Maud—the ancestor whose doom was interwoven with the destinies of his race—was even yet more remarkable.

Weighing one probability against another, his presumption was in favor of the truth of Phariace's communication.

But what a terrible fact it brought with it. His son Cyril was in love with the maiden—had met her frequently in the Chase, and always alone. He turned cold and faint as he remembered the hunting-lodge. What might have happened at those meetings he shuddered to imagine.

The girl was young and innocent, and his son, he believed, of an honorable nature; but, alas! the girl's innocence might be her very weakness, and his son's error the result of passion, uninfluenced by dishonorable intentions.

He grew frenzied and distracted by the phantoms his disordered mind conjured up; he judged human nature by the standard of his fallibility, and was appalled at the conclusion he drew.

Irresolute and vacillatory by nature, especially when in the throes of a sharp difficulty, he yet formed two resolves, neither of which he felt too bitterly could be for a moment delayed.

The first was to have an interview with his son Cyril—the second to summon to his presence the man who had disclosed to Phariace the remarkable secret he had that night revealed.

The hours passed long and tormentingly until the day dawned, and then removing, so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thought, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

The servant found Cyril dressed in walking attire, and on the eve of departing from the house. He delivered his message, dwelling, as instructed, upon the desire Lord Kingswood had to have an interview with him if he had strength to undergo one.

Cyril made no reply, but proceeded immediately to the library, and entering it, perceived his father pacing it with an excited gait.

Lord Kingswood, the instant his eye light-

ened upon his son, ceased his disturbed walk, and advancing to him, took him by the hand and gazed into his face.

Cyril was rather than pale—the agonies of a desperate mental conflict had left

saddening traces upon his features—but the expression they bore now was one of sullen despair mingled with an angry-looking spirit of determination.

"Cyril, you look pale, agitated, ill," observed Lord Kingswood, "and unhappily the events of last night leave me in no doubt as to the cause. As your future happiness seems to be involved in the proper adjustment of what, after all, can be and must be considered as a vexing and painful episode in your youthful life, I have sent for you to talk with you, to reason with you, to show you that the past must be forgotten."

"Never, my lord," interposed Cyril, almost fiercely.

"Must be!" cried Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice until his tone became vehement. "Listen to me; do not interpose a remark upon any observation of mine until I request you—you will then understand its object and its proper bearing upon the subject we are about to discuss. I am about to deal plainly with you, I hope that you will be frank with me."

Lord Kingswood paused for a minute. Twice or thrice he essayed the commencement of a sentence, but he found himself unable to articulate, and he was compelled abruptly to press his hands over his eyes and pace hurriedly up and down the chamber.

Suddenly he halted, and by an impatient movement, withdrew his hands from before his face.

"It is folly," he exclaimed, with set teeth, "to betray this weakness. It will ruin all. It is necessary that we should be both calm and firm if we would not see the House of Kingswood topple down upon our heads and crush us beneath its ruins. Cyril, you have, in weak submission to the wish impulses of your youth, flung your heart at the feet of a young girl, to you unknown and obscure, because her face happens to be fair. In delirium and intoxication of your senses you have elevated a boy's inconsiderate passion into the higher, more ennobling, purer, and endearing emotion of love."

Cyril waved his hand with a furious movement, and with a stern frown, cried—

"No, my lord! Do not deceive yourself by the canting whisperings of experience falsely so called. Experience should tell you that there is no emotion so pure, so free from dishonorable taint, so unselfish, so holy as first love. Experience has taught me this: it has pointed out to me the wide interval between passion and love, and I have recognized it. I have tested my heart, my lord. I have strained it until my heart strings have almost cracked. I am not deceived—I love!"

"Mad, impetuous, hasty fool!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impatiently. "You know not what you say, even as you do not yet know the characteristics of your nature, the strength of your emotions, or the real weakness of your fancies. You talk of your experience and what it has taught you; but your lesson is yet to come—it has yet to be learned; you may talk of experience and its suggestions, when, like myself, you have verified the fallacy of youthful aspirations—when you have proved that the love you now invest with such heavenly attributes is but ashes in the mouth and bitterness to the spirit. Love, boy! you do not yet dream that it is but another name for carking misery—that he passes through life the happiest man who is never smitten by it; that it is all the golden qualities of a generous nature

hopped into a mass, and flung into an untenable pool to return to the surface only in hideous shapes; that it is the gift of a soul, to be returned by treachery, perjury, falsity, the blackest, deepest, basest ingratitude."

Cyril looked at him earnestly and in wonder.

To whom did he especially allude in this wholesale condemnation of woman?

He knitted his brows, and said, with a strange tone of voice—

"My lord, do you give to me those assertions as the result of your love for my mother?"

Lord Kingswood started. Lady Kingswood certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he thus denounced the tender passion, but he had no desire to make such a confession, certainly not to her son.

He waved his hand.

"In such remarks it is not my intention to specify any individual," he said hastily; "I speak in general terms of the folly, and, in short, the madness, of giving way to the fascination created by a too warm appreciation of female charms. I counsel you only against being misled by promptings which are nothing more than the instinctive impulses of youth, impulses that require to be watched with care, and controlled and guided in a proper direction. Were we all heedlessly and recklessly to give way to the rash impulses of our first impressions, we should but store up for ourselves abundant sources of future misery. Society forms better arrangements, and wisely admits other considerations into the formation of an union between two young persons of opposite sexes than these of liking. Love is not the only requisite to ensure the happiness of married life, there are others which will compensate for the want of love, but without which love itself can find no happiness. In your coming union with Miss Eleanor Cotton—"

"My lord, speak to me no more of that marriage; it can never take place," interposed Cyril, with firmness.

"It must—it shall!" responded Lord Kingswood, with vehemence. "I have said it—I say it again. I have passed my word to Mr. Cotton that his proposition—his princely proposition—should be entertained. My word, Cyril—and you know that I never submit it to be questioned; at any and every sacrifice, if once questioned, I keep it. You have already paid the young lady attention—she appears to be much attached to you—society has already recognized the engagement between you. To throw her off now would be unjustly cruel; it might break her heart and thus fasten upon you a crime you would never cease to repent to the very latest moment of your existence."

Cyril turned sharply to him.

"My lord, if I understood you rightly," he said, with bitterness in his tone, "you characterized woman's nature as a bottomless pool, which returned the love thrown into it, transformed into figures of treachery, perjury, and faithlessness. If any love I might proffer Miss Eleanor Cotton were to be so repaid, a lack of attention to her on my part would hardly become the crime you suggest."

"Cyril," returned Lord Kingswood, with abrupt sternness, "it is not my intention to discuss this question in a spirit of subtle casuistry with you. You are committed to Miss Eleanor, and you must marry her!"

"I cannot, my lord!" returned Cyril, firmly.

"There are duties pertaining to your position which you must fulfill!" urged Lord Kingswood. "You have been born to rank, to a name, to an elevated position in this kingdom, in the Government of which I now hold a high and important post. There are sacrifices of the heart, of the affections, of the passions, of the dearest inclinations, and the tenderest sympathies, which are exacted eternally and unrelentingly by the position which you hold no less than myself. As a Minister of the Crown, the shadow of doubt must never fall upon any pledged word. As a Kingswood, my plighted faith must be held yet more sacred than life itself."

A low, hysterical laugh burst from Cyril's lips, which smote his father's heart with sudden pain as it fell upon his ears.

"I am a Kingswood. My faith has been plighted with solemn assertions. Am I not to hold it more sacred than name, rank, life itself?"

Lord Kingswood clenched his hands, and his heart sank within him. For what had he pledged his faith? Not a more interchange of love sentiment. Surely he had not engaged in a secret marriage! His heart seemed suddenly to cease to beat, his face and lips blanched, and the room reeled round with him. He staggered back a step or two, but by an almost superhuman effort, controlled the paralyzing character of his emotion.

"You are a minor," he gasped. "You can enter into no contract, no pledge, no promise, without my assent. Wanting that it is null and void, worthless. You cannot bind yourself to an alliance opposed to the traditions of your House. Boy, if you are born to the advantages of rank and fortune, they demand of you that you shall properly and nobly sustain the rights and duties they impose upon you."

"Have the heirs to the name always done this?" asked Cyril, bitterly.

"How dare you question their—my honor?" exclaimed his father, wrathfully; the more angrily, perhaps, because he felt most acutely that every argument he hurled at his son was a lash for himself.

"I simply ask, have they done this?" persisted Cyril.

"I can have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative," returned his father; feeling, though he spoke emphatically, that he was resorting to a mean evasion.

"My honor, my lord, is surely then as dear to me as to them," replied Cyril. "Youth cannot afford it immunity. That which would be dishonorable in my actions two years hence, must be equally dishonorable now. My integrity cannot be affected by dates; my honesty and truth cannot be intrinsically valuable at some future period and be worthless now. If I, being a minor, can break my plighted, sacred word, solemnly entrusted to one who is as dear and as necessary to my happiness as the vital principle of my life is to my heart, what is to prevent my breaking a faith not pledged or plighted by me with another? If I am bound by your plighted word to Eleanor Cotton, I am no less bound by my own registered vow to another."

"No—not as my son, as my heir, as the representative of the House of Kingswood. You have no power in your non-age to dispose of your hand unless with my sanction!" cried his father, with frantic vehemence.

"Then," exclaimed Cyril, with a passionate burst, "farewell name, rank, position, home, all but her. She will love me, cling to me, for what I am when I am with her, not for what I have been or might become. In honor, in truth, in purity, I have loved her—Equally, in innocence and unselfishness, has she placed her heart, her happiness in my trust. Rather than betray it, I will do battle with the world, as other self-reliant men have done, with her in my arms—with her loving affection twining round my heart to sustain and cheer me. I can defy the frowns of fate as stoutly as I can meet its smiles shed upon her as upon me with joy and felicity."

"Hold!" almost shrieked his father. "Will nothing destroy this infatuation?"

"Nothing!" responded Cyril, coldly and firmly.

"It is false!" he cried. "I will, I must! Terrible, frightful as the task you have imposed upon me, I must now go through with it!"

"It is in vain, my lord," interposed Cyril. "I pray you to let me depart in peace. We shall never agree on this distressing subject. You cannot change me."

"But I will!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with fierce energy. "Listen to me, and—tremble!"

For a moment he buried his hands in his hair, and bowed his head low. His whole frame became fearfully convulsed, but he struggled with the spasms, and once more turned his uncovered face to his son to speak with him.

Cyril started when he perceived his father's distorted, livid features, and his glaring eyes. He felt then that some tremendous revelation awaited him, and even as his father had bidden him, he trembled.

Lord Kingswood slowly extended towards him his white and quivering hand.

"Cyril," he exclaimed, in hollow, solemn tones, "the Kingswoods are a doomed race. Doomed until one of its descendants, of his own superhuman endurance, his unflinching spirit, his unwavering faith, his unimpeachable honor, his overpowering energy, shall remove the ban resting upon it. I cannot now enter into the whole of the tradition, or any part of it, but what relates to myself and to you. I am heart-sore and heart-sick. I would willingly be the humblest soldier, keeping dreary watch in the pathless wastes of the barren regions of Siberia, than that empty mockery the Lord Baron of Kingswood. But I am he, and I must fulfill my destiny as thou thinkest."

He paused for a moment, and then drew a long breath.

"But recently," he continued, "we stood together beneath the walls of the old hunting-tower yet standing in Kingswood Chase; I pointed out to you a window, at which, at certain times, there appeared to a Kingswood a female face of more than mortal beauty. Such have my ancestors seen—such a face I behold. It is now more than twenty years past that, alone, my gun upon my arm, I sauntered, somewhat faint and tired with my sport, within the precincts of that tower. I knew it to be inhabited by an old crone, and possibly the inducement of a draught of cool water drew me thither. I paused beneath the walls suddenly, for my eye was arrested by the face of one, young, and so strangely beautiful, that creature of earth she seemed not to be. She regarded me with as much wonder as I did her, and the expression of her face told me that I had made upon her a scarcely less favorable impression than she had upon me; but even while a pleased smile was yet upon her lips, she started and vanished. At the same moment I observed, standing at the door of the lodge, the elf-like crone, Eldra, who dwelt there. She shook her talon finger at me, and bade me depart, for the heir of Kingswood found within those walls his ruin. I smiled at the old creature's gloomy foreboding, and begged a cup of water. She brought it to me and told me that I had better asked her for a cup of poison, and if I valued my happiness or life, and a peaceful death-bed, never to come near those walls until after I had given my hand in marriage. I laughed and went away. But I came again, for that face, with its wondrous beauty, haunted me; it was like a spell upon me—I could not rest within Kingswood's halls—it floated before me in the day, it smiled upon me in my dreams at night. Mark me, Cyril, I had laughed at the words of the crone, because I was betrothed to Lady Kingswood—to your mother. I knew that I should marry her, and that no idle superstition could affect me or that. I went again—I saw that face, I spoke to it; I said—I know not what. I went again and again to breathe most passionate protestations, and to learn that they had not been uttered without their natural effect. Up to this time she had remained at the window; I had stood upon the turf beneath—we had approached each other no nearer. She was ever there when my advancing footsteps, almost noiseless as it was, reached her expectant ear, and she vanished at each interview as unexpectedly and abruptly as she had at first, when I was ad-

which by it of the presence of old Eldra. Suddenly, the old woman disappeared; and after she had gone, the hunting-lodge was closed and fastened, and I saw that fair and wondrous creature no more within the precincts of the Chase.

Lord Kingswood, whose features had been right and his great wild, now displayed an expression of terrible humiliation and shame, so that it was painful for Cyril to look upon him. With a hoarse, hoarse voice he proceeded rapidly—

"That a school companion, an associate, one whom I made a more intimate companion than I did others. He resided not many miles from Kingswood. He one day told me of a friend—an attachment he had formed for a maiden gentle and beautiful, as he would insist on repeating his confession to me. I thought it not, as he would not rest until he had introduced me to—the creature of his choice. I weakly consented. I found myself face to face, hand to hand—with the WOODEN OF KINGSWOOD CHASE!"

Cyril groaned, and clutched at a bookcase for support, while his father, shrieking rather than speaking, continued—

"Her beauty drew me, stamped out honor, truth, faith, everything. A year of mad delirium ensued, events crowded on me, crushed me, left me bankrupt in all that a true man holds brightest and dearest."

"But her—what of her?" demanded Cyril, with starting eyes and a half-suffocated tone.

With a laugh like that of a maniac, his father cried—

"She was a mother—deserted and abandoned—a mother, and with one child!"

"Thine?" gasped Cyril.

"Mine!" ejaculated his father, in an unearthly tone.

Cyril pressed his hands upon his temples, and turned his ghastly face to his father.

"That child?" he asked, in an almost inarticulate tone.

"You first beheld in Kingswood Chase," cried his father, hoarsely. "That child is she whom you have dared to love—she—the WOODEN OF KINGSWOOD CHASE. She whom you would make your wife is your sister!"

The household was startled by a wild, piercing scream.

And as well by the frantic ringing of the bell of Lord Kingswood's study.

In a few minutes afterwards, affrighted faces were turned upon each other, and horrid whispers reported through the house that Cyril Kingswood was dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The words which Eric had spoken to Violet during his interview with her were words of solace, of consolation, of joy, for they were words of hope. Her experience of human nature was necessarily of the most limited character. She saw with the eyes of her own genuine, uncontaminated heart, and believed all other beings, even though some were repulsive in her sight, to be as truthful as herself.

Ishmael, had, however, impressed upon her that appearances were deceitful; that men were false, treacherous, and cruel in their nature; that their bland words, their tender looks, their softest and sweetest words were cloaks thrown cunningly and skillfully over the most astute artifices to conceal the vilest intentions. Even the aged, though yet vigorous, Miss Virgo had cautioned her against the blandishments of that sex of which Cyril was so handsome a type, and she had also insisted that the more attractive they were to the eye, the more cruelly wicked were their natures.

Incredulous at first, she was gradually goaded into the belief that there were grains of truth in their assertions, and this painful awakening received confirmation from Cyril's conduct to her at the Marquis of Chillingham's mansion.

Before this eventful night her grief had not been of a killing character. It had made her woe and sad, but it had left her a hope that she might yet again meet Cyril, and might—she knew not, cared not how—be restored to him, and pass through her future life with him in the same sweet relations as had subsisted between them when they met and wandered together in Kingswood Chase.

When he turned from her, and with averted eyes, refused to meet her passionately appealing gaze, that hope forsook her, and nothing was left to her but despair.

Then she formed and entertained but one yearning wish, that of returning to the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase, in which she had been reared, and in the vicinity of which she might live over again in her forlorn imagination the period of her loving intimacy in those sequestered places with Cyril Kingswood.

She was, by the very nature of her education in her forest home, dowered with superstitions and with intuitive belief in the supernatural. She had dwelt many a time, and oft for hours, on the strange old picture, carefully preserved in the hunting-lodge, representing a noble-looking youth in hunting attire; and in the still moonlight, when she had stolen out into the silent and solemn aisles formed by tall tree stems, she had seen at times a flitting shadow, which she had in her fantastic imagination fashioned into the form of the young hunter in the picture known to her as the bad Baron of Kingswood, with all his wicked history. She had, too, met Eric Gower in the woods at unexpected moments in the day, the eve, the night. He much resembled the picture she had, through some strange fascination, loved to gaze upon from her childhood, and she believed that he possessed a spirit-sister, with power to roam on earth as a human being at will.

He, therefore, she believed, had of all others the power to liberate her from the distressful condition to which she existed in Ishmael's mansion, and to place her in the only haven of rest to which she could know upon earth.

Hence the eagerness with which she sought an interview with him, and the strange clinging—even in spite of what he said to her—to the belief that he was "the Spirit of the Chase," hence the confidence she placed in what he had urged upon her.

PATRY. The word acted like a magic balm upon her sore and wounded spirit. She had never known distress until Ishmael had thrust it into her heart. Her innocence of all guile had made her naturally trusting. The shattering of this sweet confidence was a severe shock to her, but it was a great joy to her to recover it.

Cyril had never changed in his conduct to her since she had first known him until they had met at the Marquis of Chillingham's, and then, as Eric had suggested, he might have been coerced to act as he had done, even as she herself had been coerced to play the strange part she had all her life enacted.

Yes, she found faith re-enter her heart and infuse itself through her frame like a new, life-giving joy. The dull and gloomy atmosphere which had spread above and around her daily life seemed to be lifted, and amid reefs in its pall-like covering she could perceive the unalloyed blue or golden sunshine of a heaven of future felicity.

With an alacrity she had not displayed since she quitted the Chase, she obeyed the request of Ishmael, and proceeded to her chamber to attire herself for an equestrian ramble. She, for the first time, consciously took more than ordinary pains with her appearance, and when she presented herself to Ishmael to accompany him, accustomed as he was to her beauty, he marvelled at its brilliancy.

There was a flush upon her cheek, an animation glittering in her eye, and a springiness in her step, which startled him too. But that he knew its origin, it would have greatly pleased him; as it was, he was somewhat disturbed.

He knew that in her heart there had settled itself hope.

She yet hoped that Cyril would be hers. He resolved not to interfere with that hope, if it would work so marked a change in her as it in so brief a time evidently had; but he equally determined not to foster it, or change his sentiments upon the point, or even his manner towards her, so that in the hour of her deep and certain disappointment she could not tax him with cruelty or deception towards her.

Violet was attired as she had been on the occasion when she appeared in the park with Ishmael and Eric Gower, but she had evidently taken more pains with all those minor points and appointments which help to finish and render perfect any costume.

Her delicate form, so beautiful in its proportions, so graceful in its outline, was exhibited to wondrous advantage in her peculiarly exquisite green habit, and her sweet face was rendered even yet more fascinating than it was naturally by the small, handsomely-shaped hat which adorned her head. Then she sat her horse with such firmness and elegance, that it was impossible not instantly to select her, even from a closely-congregated throng, as the pearl among them all.

Ishmael constrained Eric to accompany them, as on the previous occasion he had done, and he contrived that, on entering the park, at a period when it was most thronged by the fashionable world, they should preserve much the same order as they had before observed. Violet being slightly in advance of Eric, with Ishmael a short distance from his side.

As before, the appearance of Violet created a remarkable sensation. The strange hue of her riding-habit, so unlike that of any other lady-equestrian, the singular beauty of her countenance, and the peculiarity of her position in advance of her companions, and apparently not exchanging a word with either, were features which of themselves would have attracted attention; but when those were allied to the fact that, being evidently distinguished, she was still unknown to everybody who knew, or pretended to know, everybody, the excitement and the curiosity were greatly heightened.

Nobles young and old; duchesses, countesses, and other ladies of rank, wondered who could be the extraordinary creature who, being unknown, must be nobody, yet excited even more than the notice which would be caused by a somebody. No one could answer the question, and therefore the hubbub and commotion in the endeavor to ascertain each moment increased.

As before, the gentleman-equestrians followed in a cloud. Two well bred to gallop before her, and, turning round, indulge in a prolonged stare at her, they kept in the rear, satisfied at catching a glimpse of her sweet face through their eye-glasses, held by an unpleasant contortion of their features between the eyeglass and one of the facial muscles, and attracting by their swarming even yet more attention to Violet than her remarkable personal appearance would have commanded.

Eric noticed with a haughty displeasure the thronging horses, the wondering faces of their riders turned towards Violet, and the hurrying of masses of pedestrians on the path, who were all impressed with a belief that they were gazing upon an Imperial Princess of some great northern Empire; and he hastily proposed to Ishmael that they should put their horses to a gallop, press forward, and so escape the inconvenient swarming of curious, and, in his eyes, impertinent gazers.

Ishmael quietly raised his hand in a deprecating manner, and replied—

"No, it is my wish that we proceed thus. I seek the public gaze. I wish to attract the notice of these empty-headed babblers. I court the oft-repeated question, 'Who are they?' In the proper hour I will answer them."

Eric said nothing after this, but he chafed at his position, and his contracted brow exhibited his feelings.

While thus musing he became conscious of a high-spirited steed prancing in very close proximity to his own, and he turned wrathfully towards the intruder.

Bending towards him, and holding out her small gauntleted hand, he beheld Beatrice Stanhope.

She was alone, attended only by her groom, who remained behind with those attending on Ishmael's party. They were compelled to be somewhat actively employed in keeping off horsemen from approaching too close, and under strict orders, resolutely refused to reply to those who, carried away by their curiosity, put a number of direct questions to them.

Had Eric been skilled in interpreting the tablet of the female face, so quick and variable in its multifarious mutations, he would have read in the features of Beatrice Stanhope certain emotions which would rather have astonished him.

There was a fiery glitter in her eye, which betrayed irritation, annoyance, half-a-dozen of those shades of vexation of which the mind feminine has a store so fertile. Her nostrils were slightly inflated, there was a hectic flush upon her cheek, and her pretty, plump lip had a curl upon it, more of satire than of scorn, and yet so like the symbol of the latter emotion that it needed a practised eye to determine to which of the two it properly belonged.

Her upper lip trembled too, betraying a little of that excitement she would fain have concealed. There was likewise the smallest exhibition of temper in the firm handling of her impatient steed, whose proud curvettings were repaid by certain undemonstrative but vigorous applications of whipcord, satisfying him at least that the mind of his mistress was not in that equable condition which, very unfairly, the minds of all pretty creatures are expected to be.

A smile chased from Eric's expressive features the angry gloom which had clouded them, as his eyes fell upon Beatrice Stanhope, and he quickly stretched out his hand, caught hers within it, and pressed it.

Eric had a grateful disposition. Beatrice had received him with unaffected kindness, and had treated him with courtesy and attention when he was homeless, and as he believed, friendless; his feelings towards her were, therefore, of a very friendly nature.

He was not affected by her personal appearance, but he was by those qualifications which he esteemed as an ornament to any woman.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, in his rich, pleasant tones.

"It is permitted to us to doubt," she replied, naively. "If I had not been reared with a rude and boisterous brother, and therefore half boy myself, I should have missed the present opportunity of opening the vials of my wrath and pouring them upon your head. I have had to really battle my way through a whole squadron of cavalry forming your escort to grasp the chance of saying a word to you."

"I regret you should have had so much difficulty to encounter with the prospect of so poor a reward," he returned.

She raised the handle of her whip and shook it at him, smiling as she did so.

"Why give me the difficulty, I caught your eye as you passed me?" she answered.

"Indeed, I did not see you, or I would have reined in my horse and spoken to you instantly," he rejoined.

"Well, I am expected, of course, to believe you. I will, however, execute my mission, and then relieve you of my tedious company as soon as possible," she returned.

"You wrong yourself and me by that observation," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, fie!" she ejaculated, hastily. "Do I not see how fairly you are companioned side by side with one so extremely beautiful? The society of any other individual, especially one of my own sex, can hardly fail to be to you an encroachment, an intrusion, and a bore."

"Again you wrong yourself," he answered, a smile playing on his face.

"You are either, sir, a shameless man flatterer—or that lady is your sister."

She indicated Violet with the golden knob of her riding-whip rather than pointed at her.

A slight shade of surprise passed over Eric's features at this remark. It was a style of badinage which Beatrice had not indulged in, at least with him, before.

"That lady is not my sister," he replied, a little seriously.

"Not even a cousin?" she asked, with well assumed archness.

"Not even a cousin," he responded, thoughtfully, for it flashed through his mind that, in the uncertainty of his origin, it was a question he could not honestly answer with decision.

Beatrice heard him with an expression of seriousness upon her countenance. She wished this marvellous beauty had been his sister. She would have even been in a degree comforted if she had stood to him in that much-abused and mistrusted degree of relationship, a cousin; but to be connected to him by no tie of affinity was to be allied to him by a bond of love. A spasm went through her frame at the thought. She, like, alas! too many of her sex, the moment her jealousy was excited, could think of nothing, but the object of her mistrust, and that, too, in the shape of a severe cross-examination.

"I have seen the face before," she exclaimed, in her eagerness to learn something about Violet, forgetting what was due to her own dignity. "Pray, can you enlighten me where, Mr. Gower?"

He looked at her for a moment, steadfastly. "I cannot," he answered.

"Or will not," she rejoined, gazing back at him as fixedly, apparently endeavoring to read in his features the truth as she had shaped it.

He elevated his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment, but he only replied by a slight shake of the head.

"You know Lord Kingswood, I think?" she observed, eyeing him attentively, while she conducted her cross-examination with a woman's consummate skill.

Now his eye gleamed and his brow fell. He bowed stiffly affirmatively.

She observed his peculiarity of manner, but refused to heed it, because her question

was the stepping-stone to one the elucidation of which she had set her brother Carlton to obtain.

She bent her face slightly round towards him, and rested her eyes upon his face, as she said—

"You then know, of course, Lady Maud St. Clair?"

She uttered the words rapidly, and enunciated them emphatically.

A flush of crimson mounted to his brow, and he bowed lower than before an assent, to hide the scarlet hue spread over his face. Beatrice, with an emotion of vexation, perceived it, and tossed up her head, giving way to a slight ebullition of anger, because he whom she thought so proud and dignified in his bearing should blush at the mention of a lifeless doll of a girl, though she was titled and well descended.

But she did not dare yet: she had a purpose to accomplish, and she contrived to hide the disturbed emotion the confession she thus extorted from him had occasioned.

That is to say, many a maiden fair who possesses an interest in some well-looking young gentleman invariably converts an acquaintance from the said youth that he has the pleasure of being acquainted with a pretty girl, known to the said maiden, into a confession that he has been paying court to the pretty girl, or at least flirting with her. Beatrice was of the same conviction as many a maiden, and therefore she was morally convinced that any interviews which might have taken place between Eric and Lady Maud could not have passed over with indifference by either or both. She satisfied herself, therefore, that there was much on this head of which it would be needful to make herself mistress.

She decided at once to make, if possible, the acquaintance of Violet, and with this purpose she, lowering her voice to almost a whisper, said—

"You have no doubt observed the singular resemblance there is between the young lady you are attending and Lady Maud?"

Eric gave a slight start, and at once turned his eyes to Violet's face. She was gazing about her with an air of wonder. An expression of expectation was upon her face, but yet she seemed amused and interested in the scene in which she formed so prominent a part. On previous occasions she had been sad and thoughtful, had gazed straight before her without appearing to notice any object within her vision, and the change she now presented was one which could not fail to strike him. Yet it did not strike him with a tithe of the force the suggestion of Lady Maud did.

It was not that he recognized the resemblance pointed out by Beatrice, but that he was startled by the vivid recurrence to his memory of the portrait of the Lady Maud which had hung in the bed-chamber of Kingswood Hall and the statue in the old library.

As he gazed on Violet, they rose up before his eyes as plainly as if he actually beheld them, and a sudden, strange, cold thrill passed through his frame, which caused him involuntarily to shudder.

Another moment, and he had recovered his equanimity, for Beatrice, looking on his changing features with surprise, ejaculated—

"You do not answer me, Mr. Gower. Have I helped you to a discovery which has taken your breath away?"

There was something distasteful to him in her observation, but assuming a calm and indifferent air, he replied—

"You have not deprived me of breath by your discovery, Miss Stanhope, because there ought not to be anything surprising in the resemblance, inasmuch as it is common to find individuals alike in feature, but unconnected by any tie of relationship."

Beatrice laughed, and said, a little mischievously—

"A trite fact, indeed! Don't be cross with me, Mr. Gower, but even your 'fine Roman' countenance is not without its counterpart—you must resemble the Honorable Cyril Kingswood, and papa insists that you are wonderfully like Lord Kingswood!"

"Your papa is practised in the art of discernment," suddenly observed Ishmael, in a low, but distant tone, addressing Beatrice.

She was for the moment startled, but with a courteous bend to him, because she instantly conceived that he could help her to her desired intimacy with Violet.

"Papa has been for years a diplomatist," she rejoined; "it is a part of his study to scrutinize the features of those with whom he comes in contact. So keen, indeed, is his appreciation of resemblance, that when he first saw Mr. Gower, he was quite overcome, was he not?" she asked, turning to Eric.

He bowed, while Ishmael added, dryly, "If you are speaking of Sir Harris Stanhope, I do not doubt it."

Eric turned red, and exclaimed, hastily—"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Beatrice Stanhope, daughter of Sir Harris Stanhope—Mr.—Mr. Vernon!"

Beatrice laughed as if she enjoyed his confusion.

"There is a pardon I will never grant, Mr. Gower," she cried.

"What is that?" inquired Ishmael, quickly, as he perceived that she was as much in earnest as in jest.

She slightly colored.

"I can have no hesitation in returning you an answer to that question," she said, readily, "I am greatly smitten with the charms of the young lady who rides in advance of you. I should so like to be honored by her acquaintance!"

Ishmael mused a moment, and then he said—

"She does not visit; but then there can be no objection to her receiving visits from you. You will find her a child of nature, and but little acquainted with the world's ways."

The more refreshing will her society prove to me. I yearn for such a companion," returned Beatrice.

Ishmael motioned her to increase her pace

so as to come up with Violet, who had gained some little distance upon them, and when they were at her side, he briefly explained the purpose with which he had overtaken her. Violet looked upon the face of Beatrice with some surprise, but more earnestness. Beatrice, with an appearance of frankness and warmth, held out her hand; Violet took it and pressed it, but she was still, it seemed, a little perplexed by the incident.

Ishmael introduced her to Beatrice by the name of Violet only, and when Beatrice suggested that she had been put in possession of her Christian name only; Ishmael replied, with some emphasis—

"Her name is Violet. She knows no other."

At this instant Sir Harris Stanhope galloped past. He caught his daughter's eye; he rewarded her with an approving smile, and made a significant gesture, which she understood as instructing her to cultivate the acquaintance she was now making; and she at once proceeded to do so by engaging Violet in conversation, and drawing her wondering attention to the various equipages passing and re-passing, gradually commenced to work her conversation round to the Kingswoods, to learn whether she could extract any information from her respecting Lady Maud's knowledge and opinion of Eric Gower. She was the better enabled to do this, as the Marquis of Chillingham, happening to catch sight of Violet, and immediately following Ishmael, rode up to the side of the latter, in order to gratify an intense curiosity and interest created in his breast by the former.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Those who persist in following inflexibly their own course of action, and those who love to exercise their power in forcing a course of action upon others, are both wilful; but the latter class the most so. Yet they are generally the most popular, because they have more of the social spirit; besides, many people have a kind of fancy for being driven.

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvæir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him. There are many who are nearly choked by the converse process—the attempt to get one idea into them.

Each of the sexes has certain instincts, feelings, and modes of view into which the other can never thoroughly enter, no matter how long or how close the intimacy; and, in regard to these points, there is more sisterhood or sisterly sympathy among women than brotherhood among men.

One of the "old salts" at Cape Ann, in a public prayer meeting, implored the Supreme Being to "curtail the influence of the devil." He was followed by a brother of less learning, who prayed that the evil one might not only have his influence curtailed, but that his "tail might be taken clean off." Two sedate members of the Suffolk bar, who were present, lost their gravity at this last petition.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I do not get as fat—I drink de brandy, den I rubs my legs with de bottle."

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue what a death-like silence would pervade society.

The best method of ascertaining the length of the shortest mile on record, is to give a hackman fifty cents, and tell him to stop at the end of a mile.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or by sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.

HORSE TAMING.

Mr. Rarey, the famous horse tamer, is now exhibiting his system in Philadelphia, and we advise every one who is interested in "that noble animal, the horse," to use a not very uncommon expression—to spend an evening in witnessing the performances in question.

Sight is as important as hearing. We had read many columns descriptive of Mr. Rarey's mode of subduing an intractable horse—and yet we did not fully understand the secret of the taming, until we attended one of his exhibitions.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not find it convenient to attend one of the horse tamer's performances, we may attempt to make this matter clearer to them than it has been heretofore to us.

The horse is an animal of great spirit and strength, but of narrow intellect, and little persistence. An extract from Sir F. B. Head's "Horse and Rider," on the last page of the

present paper, furnishes several exemplifications of the small amount of persistency in the horse; and the experience of our readers doubtless will furnish them with others. The horse soon gives up. Horses differ of course in this respect, but even the most stubborn have little power of persistency. What Mr. Head says of a horse that has fallen down in a slippery street—how, after two or three futile attempts to rise in the shafts, he will give up the idea of rising altogether, and have to be urged to get up when he is discomfited, probably a majority of our city readers have seen illustrated.

Now, of this lack of persistency—this disposition to give up entirely and completely after three or four failures—Mr. Rarey takes advantage. If he can get the horse to stand still long enough to bend the lower part of one fore-leg up against the upper part, and strap it there, he has the horse upon three feet. With only one fore-foot to stand on, a horse can kick very little with his hind feet, if any. The exertion of even walking about—or half-hopping, as it really is—is fatiguing to the animal. Then the tamer, by means of a strap round the other fore-leg, just above the foot, which strap is passed under the girth, pulls that leg up also at the first forward movement of the horse, and throws the animal upon his knees. The horse has then only two knees and two hind-feet to go upon. Of course he plunges, and rears perhaps, and gets in a furious heat and passion—but it makes no difference. He is hobbled—and his tamer, with a firm and strong hold upon the strap, keeps him upon his fore-knees, and lets him take his time at plunging. Finally—always within fifteen minutes, Mr. Rarey says—the horse, tired of his constrained and uneasy posture, and of his violent and unusual exertions, rolls over and lies down. At the first quiet opportunity, the tamer fastens up the second fore-leg as he had done the first. Then the horse will probably recover a little strength and courage, rise on his hind feet and fore-knees, and try another desperate series of plungings and strugglings. It all amounts to nothing, however. And even if he tries it again, the result must be at last that he drops his head despairingly on the ground, and lies perfectly relaxed, panting and heaving as if he had been running a four miles' race.

Then the tamer begins to pull him about—to pull his head on one side, and then on the other; to slap his hind legs if he has been a kicker; to work his jaws if he has been a biter—operations which even then the horse will probably at first oppose—until the animal, finding that he is not hurt in the least, but that he is absolutely incapable of making any effective resistance, gives up, and acquiesces in anything and everything that that superior being, his tamer, chooses to do to him.

It is a little curious, too, that however angry the animal may have got in the process of the taming, he becomes not only perfectly good tempered again, but even contented and happy, after his final submission. He not only acquiesces in the mastery of the man, as if he had just perused the Scriptural text upon the subject, but takes positive pleasure in feeling himself mastered. As the pages of history prove, however, the horse is not the only animal which manifests pleasure when he has found a real master.

One fact struck us particularly, as we did not remember to have seen it noted. Mr. Rarey does not coax and pet his refractory animals. While engaged in the process of taming, we did not hear him utter a single word—not even a "whoa-boy, whoa." He stroked the horse a little when brought in, and when endeavoring to get the first strap on; but after that it was a regular struggle—brute force on the one hand, against untold strength and skill on the other. With the utmost patience, and all possible gentleness, but silently, firmly and inexorably as Fate, Mr. Rarey opposed his will and strength and intellect, against the intellect and will and strength of the horse. He did nothing to irritate—but calmly, patiently and quietly he allowed the brute to test his power against that of the man. And when the former had given up, entirely and completely, even then Mr. Rarey did not waste either words or caresses. The animal had succumbed—well, that was right, it was its duty so to do. Treat it kindly then, but do not make your caresses valueless by giving a surfeit of them. Thus we have seen young ladies pet their dogs, till the dogs valued more one touch of their brothers' finger, than twenty of their mistresses' whole hand. A dog or a horse has not the intellect of a man, but he is far from being a fool.

Mr. Rarey has the fullest confidence in his system. He does not believe that there is a horse in the world that he cannot tame. We are disposed to agree with him. His system is undoubtedly of great value—and especially in his hands. All men will, we think, be enabled to do much by it—but we think that he has a peculiar gift of kingship over the equine world that few others possess.

Still, the force and benefit of Mr. Rarey's precepts and example in bringing about a more humane and sensible mode of dealing with horses, can hardly be over-estimated. He is the Howard of Horseflesh. And in rescuing horses from foolish brutality, he is aiding in overturning the general reign of brutality and ignorance in the world. If horses can be managed by calm force used intelligently in a spirit of kindness, why not children, why not men? We therefore enrol the name of Rarey not only among the benefactors of horses, but also among the benefactors of Mankind.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.—The Annual Address before this Association will be delivered

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Some very good remarks under this head appeared lately in *The Post*, expressing our own views on the subject, except that we do not cling so exclusively to old favorites, nor scan the new candidates with so fastidious an eye. Our correspondent's delicately hinted criticisms, however, are quite to our mind. The *Rolie Books* are dull, and there is no use trying to press upon lively children any such vegetarian diet. Some years ago Mr. Abbott set out with the assertion that children love details—a true enough idea, but not one to bear running into the ground, as he proceeded to do—putting forth in rapid succession a perfect flood of commonplace stories, as like as two peas. These stories have their good points—so good that we have many times tried reading them aloud to the little ones. This can only be done, however, by going through a deal of skipping—picking out here and there a grain of wheat, and passing silently over pages of chaff; for we feel instinctively that such prolixity must be insupportably tedious to a child of any vivacity. But this sifting process—a labor that the story-writer himself should perform, comes to be considered an objection on the parent's part, and as the children never petition for the stories, they lie quietly on the library shelves in their pristine brightness of crimson and gold.

Children must have poetry—that is a sine qua non. Let any mother call to mind her child's favorites, and she will acknowledge that in proportion to their truly poetical character is their attractiveness. As among savages beads and feathers come before dress, so in the order of time poetry precedes prose. Mayne Reid is fully aware of this, and his books have considerable charm, but he never can supplant Robinson Crusoe, though he swings a bolder pen, and startles the young reader with more hair-breadth 'scapes. A certain unvarnished takes the edge from his narratives; you suspect him of subordinating truthfulness to something that he fancies better; and he never wins you into that full and quiet faith—that magnetic rapport with his hero, which places Defoe's romance a head and shoulders above all rivals in juvenile literature. A number of excellent books of this class have come out lately, which boys find very good reading.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* requires perhaps a peculiar character to enjoy it thoroughly, but we have found it, with some skipping, wonderfully well relished by hearers of six and seven years. The allegory is earlier comprehensible than you would suppose. *Greatheart* and *Giant Despair* make a vivid impression, and even if half-understood, or but a glimmering of meaning discerned, they still edify to that extent, and in imaginative minds the figures will stand out clearer and brighter with every added year of spiritual progress.

The passion for fairy tales was frowned upon for a short time, but a more genial wisdom now prevails; some of our best writers having thrown their genius into the scale against utilitarianism, and exerted themselves to gratify, in the best manner, a natural craving, instead of quarreling with it. Of these there is nothing better than Kingsley's *Greek Fairy Tales*. A boy of poetical temperament will sit enthralled for any length of time while you read aloud from "The Heroic." A rhythm in accordance with the strain of the story is everywhere preserved. It charms his ear like a grand roll of martial music chiming with glorious deeds, or a solemn chant for the valiant dead, victorious still, who died for man. Just so, we may fancy, sang the bards of old—words of power set to the music of love, falling as live coals upon the hearts of men; and flaming up, in brave resolve and mighty achievement.

Hawthorne's stories from the same source, though charming in their way, are written in a less acceptable style. The same subjects are treated in an off-hand, slightly satirical manner, which you will always find repulsive to the childish organization. For children are terribly in earnest. They do not understand, and if they did, would not relish mockery and satire, however kindly—the high heroic vein suits them best. Still it is liked in spite of this, and to grown-up people the story that forms a connecting link for the Greek myths, is the best part of the book—thoroughly delightful from its subtle humor and exquisite perception of childish graces and oddities. Hawthorne is one of our especial favorites. His "Snow Image" is a conception of wonderful poetic beauty, and finished with an ethereal delicacy of touch quite unsurpassable.

A small volume of stories called "Rain-bows for Children," edited by that true friend of children, Maria Child, was published by Francis & Co., in 1848. These are remarkable for freshness and beauty. In all our juvenile library there is hardly a greater favorite. Even our little three-year old listens with an animated face to the adventures of Pamina carrying a web of light around the world—boldly claiming and receiving help from every wild and savage thing that comes in her way—lion and sea-serpent, eagle and buffalo, all give a ride to the brave little spirit; and all round the world, over the wide spaces of earth, air and water, her path is made easy by courage and faith. It is a beautiful lesson—one that readers of any age may profitably lay to heart. "Fanny's Menagerie," is perhaps the liveliest story; it never tires. Some like "Rose Island" best, and others "The Crystal Palace." The illustrations in this book are singularly graceful and expressive. Pamina on the back of an ostrich, looking so secure in her downy seat, her arms encircling its curved neck, her hair blown back from her sweet, fearless face, and the web of light floating on the ground, is perfect as a snow-flake. The designs in children's books ought to be good. They are half the value. The kind of engraving is of no importance—only that the life-strokes of genius animate it. We have seen the "Story Without an End," from the German, exquisitely illustrated, the designer entering into the significance of the story, and expressing it fitly, and the book was a luxury to possess. The same thing,

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. BY R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Who that thinks at all does not delight in Emerson the Thinker?—does not eagerly open each new volume with the confident assurance of an intellectual stimulus and refreshment of the choicest kind? The choicest intellectually—only that; for as one may stand out on a winter night in the pure, keen, bracing air, admiring the magnificence of the starry heavens, and the stately splendor of the Northern Lights, and soon retreat shivering to the warmth and light of the social room, so we hasten from the icy heights of Emerson's philosophy, forever swept bare and barren by the bitter blasts of Necessity, to sun ourselves in some good passionate novel, love song or poem, and thus restore the spirit to its normal temperature. Some one says, "To give moral subjects their true relief, you require, as in the stereoscope, to look through two glasses—that of the intellect and that of the heart." Emerson looks through one only. In matters of worldly wisdom he has wonderful clearness, exquisite perception, insight that makes the reading of his books a succession of pleased surprises—glimpses of the lovely face of Truth. But in questions of Christian duty, he is no more to be relied upon than his favorite Plato. He is a finished Greek. What was lacking in those pure and great minds to which he turns continually as nearest friends is lacking in his. He shuts Love out. Not the perception of its beauty. He was no true Greek, if insensible to that. He says:—

"The remedy for all blunders, the cure of blindness, the cure of crime, is love. As much love, so much mind," said the Latin proverb. The superiority that has no superior; the redeemer and instructor of souls, as it is their primal essence, is love."

So his mental vision is clear enough. Yet things like this slip from his pen—true in one view, but so emptied of all human feeling as to make your blood stand still as if you saw a spectre:—

"The German and Irish millions, like the Negro, have a great deal of Guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to be green grass on the prairie."

We are reminded by contrast of one of the side scenes in a recent novel. A lonely but in the midst of a pine forest—a woman dying prematurely from hardship and privation; she reviews her life, and cannot see why she was sent into the world to drag out an existence of suffering. So deep is her ignorance that she hardly knows there is a Bible—her faithful slave has somewhere caught up a fragment and repeats it, assuring her that it is from the Word of God—"Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is the right word in the right place. "Did He say that?" cries the poor creature, eagerly, with the feeling of a sick child nestling to its mother's arms; and she passes away in peace, her dying moments lighted by a vision of the pitying face of Christ.

Now this is true, and of all truths the dearest and most precious to the heart of man—that our Father cares for his children. It is not true that their utmost poverty and forlornness can hide them from His eye. The light that shone into the world eighteen hundred and sixty years ago shone especially upon the poor—those millions on whom the world's work rests so heavily. Jesus came to show us, by word and deed, not only that the lowest of the race were dear to God, but that they were especially dear, as a tender mother loves among her children those who need her care, rather than those who deserve it. Men knew that God was all-powerful, all-wise, all-good. They still longed to feel that He cared for them. It was His love for which they were hungering and thirsting; which, once assured of, they will never let go, though all philosophy and all reasoning prove their faith vain. And the mighty impulse toward good, the wonderful series of inventions which are making earth a pleasant place for all, proceed not from the spirit that looks upon the masses as only fit to enrich the earth by their dying, but from that which sees in every man of them a child of God, one of Christ's little ones, an inheritor of light which the more favored must help him to attain.

Mr. Emerson is severe upon selfish weaknesses. This we enjoy. Let truth be spoken about all human foibles; let it lay bare the sins of the spirit as the surgeon's scalpel the diseases of the body—it only wounds to heal. The following, about sickness, is not too hard. We have seen some curious specimens of that delusion through which people pride themselves upon their infirmities. "I have had the neuralgia nine years," said a pretty and plump young lady, with as much complacency and as much assurance of consideration on account of it as if she had said, "I have a diamond necklace." Those who are ashamed of ill health are certainly much nearer the mark than those who glory in it. Our philosopher quotes gruff old Dr. Johnson, "Every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick," and himself says:—

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have head-ache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housewives bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come.

Mr. Emerson has no faith that scholarship and practical farming can be united. Those who love gardening will be the most amused with the truth of this passage:—

We had in this region, twenty years ago, among our educated men, a few who were fanatics, a passionate desire to go upon the land, and unite farming to intellectual pursuits. Many effected their purpose, and made the experiment, and some became downright ploughmen; but all were cured of their faith that scholarship and practical farming, (I mean, with one's own hands,) could be united.

With brow bent, with firm intent, the pale scholar leaves his desk to draw a furrow, and get a just statement of his thoughts in the garden-walk. He stoops to pull up a purslain, or a dock, that is choking the young corn, and finds there are two; close behind the last, is a third; he reaches out his hand to a fourth; behind that, are four thousand and one. He is heated and untuned, and by and by, wakes up from his idiot dream of chickweed and red-root, to remember his morning thought, and to find, that, with his adamantine purpose, he has been duped by a dandelion. A garden, is like those pernicious machineries we read of, every month, in the newspapers, which catch a man's coat-skirt or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction. In an evil hour he pulled down his wall, and added a field to his homestead. No land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home, if he dare. Every tree and grass, every bill of melons, row of corn, or quickset hedge, all has done, and all he means to do, stand in his way, like duns, when he would go out of his gate. The devotion to these vines and trees he finds poisonous. Long free walks, a circuit of miles, free his brain, and serve his body. Long marches are no hardship to him. He believes he composes easily on the hills. But this pottering in a few square yards of garden is distasteful and drivelling. The smell of the plants has drugged him, and robbed him of energy. He finds a catalepsy in his bones. He grows peevish and poorly-spirited. The genius of reading and of gardening are antagonistic, like reason and vitriolous electricity. One is concentrative in sparks and shocks; the other is diffuse strength; so that each disqualifies its workman for the other's duties.

What we like in Emerson is often only the peculiar and original utterance of something familiar; the thought that lay in your own mind as ore in the ground, unrecognized or merely felt to be there, drops from his pen in silver sentences, perfect as coin from the mint. It is sublimated common sense—Yankee faculty distilled. He seems to have every kind of wisdom except that which comes through suffering. The shortcomings of literary people are thus quaintly accounted for:—

We parade our nobilities in poems and orations, instead of working them up into happiness. There is a whisper out of the ages to him who can understand it—"what-ever is known to thyself alone, has always very great value." There is some reason to believe, that when a man does not write his poetry, it escapes by other vents through him, instead of the one vent of writing; clings to his form and manners, whilst poets have often nothing poetical about them except their verses. Jacobi said, that "when a man has fully expressed his thought, he has somewhat less possession of it." One would say, the rule is—What a man is irresistibly urged to say, helps him and us. In explaining his thought to others, he explains it to himself; but when he opens it for show, it corrupts him.

MATRIMONIAL.

One more unfortunate,
Lonely and troubled;
Rashly importunate—
Went and got doubtful.

In a recent book on *The Oyster*, the author quotes the great Boerhaave as authority to prove that that succulent animal is capable, of itself, when taken as a food, to restore even consumptive patients to perfect health.

A correspondent of the *Transcript* writes from San Francisco: "A California horse of the old Spanish stock never becomes thoroughly civilized. He may be never so well broken, and seem completely meek and docile; he may be worn down and nearly worn out in an omnibus or a dray, but he carries a drop of savage and untamable blood in his heart that will sometimes make him vicious and insane in a moment, after years of good behaviour. It is, therefore, always 'dangerous to be safe' with one of them, especially on a wild mountain path."

A letter from Madras speaks of a curious case in court there, the managers of a heathen temple having been complained of for stealing the idols and their ornaments.

Lady Crampton, formerly Victoria Balfie, the opera singer, was lately presented to the Empress of Russia, and received with the most flattering marks of grace and favor. This reception is deemed in fashionable circles, a direct rebuke to certain aristocratic ladies, who were greatly shocked at the introduction of a plebeian element into the diplomatic corps.

The Marquis of Bute is thirteen years old, and has an income amounting to as much as four hundred thousand dollars a year. As he is an orphan, his relations are fighting about their respective claims to the guardianship of the young heir.

The London Critic, speaking of novels, divides them into four classes. There is first of all the novel that has plot and characters; secondly, that which has plot but no characters; thirdly, that which has characters but no plot; and fourthly, that which has neither plot nor characters.

SHARBY EXPOSED.—"I see," said an ambitious paragraphist, to a newspaper publisher, "that you copied an article of mine in your last issue, without giving credit."—"Credit" was the retort, "how can you expect me to give credit when everybody is going to smash? As a sensible business man I couldn't do it."

The statistic report of the number of animals slaughtered in New York, for last year, shows that the annual average is "two animals for each inhabitant"—a yoke of oxen apiece, to keep us moving!

A good action is never thrown away. That is the reason, no doubt, we find so few of them.

A WINTER'S TALE.

PARIS, JAN. 18, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

A few evenings since, a party assembled round a huge wood fire that sent forth its bright glow into the old-fashioned room of an old country house, a few miles from Paris, to which we had been invited on the pretext of skating and sliding on a large "piece of water," now turned into ice, that forms the principal feature of the grounds. The gentlemen, and not a few of the ladies of the party, passed the principal part of the afternoon upon the ice, cutting their initials, their full names, and various whimsical patterns on the great frozen sheet, from which the snow had been swept for their convenience. The rest of the guests, finding it cold work to remain on the edge of the pond, watching the evolutions of their more adventurous companions, took a walk through the white, frosted trees of the adjoining wood. All duly assembled at the chateau to dinner, at six; when a project that had been concocted by the group of walkers that had accompanied the hostess on the woodland ramble, was announced to the company, and adopted by acclamation.

This project was simple enough; but enabled us to pass a charming evening. It was, that every one present should recount something, an anecdote, a few verses, a story, or the recital of an adventure; on pain of a fine to be disbursed in the form of warm clothes or fuel to the poor of the arrondissement of the capital inhabited by the recalcitrant guests. Several members of the party immediately bought themselves off, presenting to our hostess—an indefatigable visitor among the poor of Paris, where she usually passed the winter, various amounts which they begged her to distribute among her proteges. The others duly "executed themselves," as the French would say; and a few of the stories told seemed to me worth remembering. I made notes of them for the benefit of your readers; the only one which I have yet had time to write from these jottings, and which I proceed to lay before them, being the following, to which, as an appropriate heading, I beg to prefix the title of

THE GRANDMOTHER'S ARM-CHAIR.

Labouheyre is a station on the Bordeaux and Bayonne railway. The humble village is half-way between those two cities, in the midst of the sandy and arid plains, called *landes*, showing little other vegetation than stunted pines, and over which the people of the region are accustomed to move with the aid of rude stilts. These queer aids to locomotion are in such general use throughout the *landes*, that they form a distinguishing feature of the "life under difficulties" which constitutes, in the main, the social existence of the inhabitants of that poor and remote portion of *la belle France*.

Before reaching Labouheyre, the traveller journeys through some twenty miles of sandy desert. At length the rushing train comes to a stand-still in the midst of a score or two of low, mud-built dwellings, covered with red tiles, that look as though they had been dropped down at random on the edge of a forest of scrubby pines. This poverty-stricken village is Labouheyre.

The utter stagnation of the place is broken only by the passage of the trains, and by the fairs that are held there twice in each year. But the excitement of the sleepy villagers at the epoch of these fairs is great indeed. Crowds of visitors flock to the fair from all the country side, for fifty miles round. Entire families make their appearance, arriving in clumsy covered carts, drawn by oxen, with heavy lumbering wheels, and white awnings, which afford shelter to the occupants from the sun by day, and from the dews by night. The journey, through this unstable country, in which the wheels often sink to the axles, and the oxen to their haunches, often lasts for weeks together; and the long files of white wagons, creeping slow across the sandy wilderness, look not unlike a caravan crossing the desert.

While the fair last, every hovel in Labouheyre is metamorphosed into a lodging house, and every villager into a tavern keeper; the natives take up their quarters in stables and cowsheds, and let out every corner of their dwellings to strangers, whom they fleece, at such times, to their heart's content.

It was at one of these busy periods that an incident occurred, which the domestic annualists of the village still recount at their Candelmas and Hallow-een gatherings round the blazing pine log fires that never fail to greet the return of those favorite festivals. At the period in question, a young German painter, who has since made for himself a brilliant place in the world of art, was making a sketching-tour in the south of France. He had often heard of the strange, desolate scenery of the *landes*; and the sight of certain pictures of Brascassat and Rose Bonheur, which render in all their primitive charm, the vague and dreamy expanses of the region, determined him to turn his steps in that direction.

When Fritz Haackels, as we will call our artist, reached Labouheyre, the cracked bell of the little church was sounding the hour before midnight, and the entire village, notwithstanding the excitement of the fair, was wrapped in slumber. Every door was closed, every window barred. Not a light was to be seen; not even a dog was stirring. The young artist, puzzled as to what to do for a lodging, at length determined to knock at all the doors until he should find some sort of quarters for the night. He accordingly walked up to the door of the first house he came to, and tapping therewith his walking stick, he listened for some sound within indicative of wakefulness on the part of its occupants. But he had not to listen long; for the door was almost immediately thrown open, and Fritz, at once entering the cottage, found himself in a large, low room, half kitchen, half sitting room, with a floor of earth, and a bright fire on the wide open hearth, for, even in the month of

July, the people of the *landes* never think of going to bed without "taking an airing at the fire," as a preservative against the proverbial insalubrity of the region.

Two men, and a woman of some fifty years of age, were seated beside the fire. As Fritz entered the room, he deposited his walking-stick and valise upon the table, while the two men rose from their seats, took from the corner of the overhanging chimney-piece a candle of pitch that was burning in a rude wooden candle-stick, and went out by a door at the further end of the apartment, saluting their hostess with a "Good-night to you, Dame Bernadine!"

"Good-night to you both," replied the hostess, as she advanced toward the newcomers, and demanded what he wanted.

"Why, at this time of night," replied Fritz, "one can hardly want anything else than supper and a bed."

"A bed?" returned the woman, "ah, mon-sieur, that is quite impossible. There are already five or six persons in every one of my rooms. The two travellers who have just gone out of this room are going to sleep on the same mattress; and that will cost them five francs," added the woman. "And yet they are rich room-dealers from the neighborhood of Lalpouey. One of them has this very day sold twenty-five thousand francs' worth of rosin. And only to think of it!—they spent an hour in disputing before they would consent to give five francs for my mattress, which makes only fifty sous apiece for them!"

"And do you think, madame," interrupted the artist, "that I can anywhere find a supper and a bed?"

"I think it very doubtful, monsieur; at least, for the bed. For the supper, that's another matter; and I'm quite ready to serve you. Would you like a leg of goose stewed with cabbage? It is all I have left."

"Let me have it, by all means," cried the hungry artist, approvingly.

"I must tell you," continued the hostess, "that this is not an inn. But, during fair-time, I do like everybody else, and take in travellers. One must try to be useful to one's fellow-creatures."

"And to oneself," added Fritz, laughing. Five minutes after, the latter was devouring the stewed leg of goose, to which his hunger imparted all needed relish, and drinking with great gusto the excellent wine set before him by his hostess.

"Dear Madame Bernadine, for I think that is the name by which I heard you addressed, a few moments ago," said the painter, when he had finished his supper.

"Yes," replied the hostess, "I go by that name, because my husband was called Bernadine. I am a widow."

"Well, then, my dear Madame Bernadine, permit me to inquire where you are going to lodge me for the night?"

"Alas! monsieur, I have nothing in the shape of a bed to offer you, not even a mattress!" replied the Landaise in a tone of regret, for she was sorry to turn away a lodger whose manner pleased her, and who had announced his intention of prolonging his stay beyond the time of the fair.

"Then I must go and knock at all the houses, one after the other, until I can find a lodging," cried the artist, gaily.

"You will awaken everybody, and that will be all; for every house in the village is as full as mine."

"I suppose so. But what can I do? I am very tired with my long day's tramp; and now that your excellent wine is making my eyelids heavier than ever, I quite envy those two rosin dealers, who are fast asleep, at fifty sous apiece. Indeed, I think the charge exceedingly low; I would willingly pay five francs for a bed, or even ten francs. Come, now, I am sure you are clever at contriving, and if you try, you will find some way of quartering me. Have you not some bed that you can give me?"

"I told you, just now, that I have nothing left; not even a mattress."

"Have you a sofa?"

"Not anything of the kind!" reiterated the hostess, who seemed almost as much to regret the fact, as the young man himself. She remained for an instant silent, as though turning the matter over in her own mind. Then, raising her eyes to the artist's face, she seemed to scrutinize it carefully.

"Well, I've just remembered—"

"Ah! at last!" exclaimed the artist, triumphantly. "I thought you would end by finding me something!"

"Don't rejoice too soon," resumed the hostess. The only thing I have left in the house is a large arm-chair, that stands in my mother's room, and in which she often takes a nap during the day. How much did you say you would pay? Ten francs, I think."

"Did I say ten francs?"

"Yes!"

"But for a bed?"

"Well, you shall have the chair for five francs; it is well worth the half of a bed.—You will sleep perfectly well in it without undressing. I really have nothing else to offer you; and you can take it, or let it alone, just as you please."

"Very well; I accept the arm-chair, as there is nothing else to be had."

"But I have not told you all. The chair is in a room already occupied."

"By whom?"

"By a woman."

"Young or old?"

"An old woman of ninety, my mother. She would be furious if she perceived that I had lent her chamber to a stranger, but luckily she sleeps very soundly. I will take you into her room without a light; you will seat yourself in the arm-chair without making any noise, and you will try and not snore too loud, for fear of waking her."

"Very good," returned Fritz. "I'll do my best." More than half asleep, the young man followed his hostess, groping his way as well as he could, with his hands. They climbed up a rude stairway, and when they had reached

the top, the hostess stopped at a door, and listened.

A quiet and regular breathing was audible through the silence.

"She is asleep; we can venture in," whispered the woman. "The big arm-chair is at the left of the bed; go very softly. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Good-night."

The hostess closed the door, listened for a moment, to make sure that the old grandmother had not been awakened, and then crept softly down stairs to the first.

As for the tired and sleepy artist, how he fared in the great arm-chair, and what came of his adventure, shall be duly related in my next.

QUANTUM.

THE MISSOURI CRITICISMS, BIGGER AND BORDER STATES COMPROMISES.

Inquiries having been made as to the points of likeness and unlikeness of the Criticisms and the Missouri and the Missouri Compromise of 1820, we publish the corresponding provisions of each:—

MISSOURI COMPROMISE, 1820.

Section 8. That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, not included within the limits of the States contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than the punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby forever prohibited. Provided, always, that any person coming into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed, in any State or Territory of the United States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor, or service, as aforesaid.

CRITICISMS COMPROMISE, 1861.

1. In all the Territories now or hereafter acquired north of latitude thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, is prohibited; while in all the Territory south of that latitude, slavery is here recognized as existing, and shall not be interfered with by Congress, but shall be protected as property by all departments of the Territorial Government during its continuance. All the Territory north or south of said line, within such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, when it contains a population necessary for a member of Congress, with a republican form of government, shall be admitted into the Union on an equality with the original States, with or without slavery, as the Constitution of the State shall prescribe.

2. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the States permitting slavery.

3. Congress shall have no power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia while it exists in Virginia and Maryland, or either; nor shall Congress at any time prohibit the officers of the Government or Members of Congress, whose duties require them to live in the District of Columbia, bringing slaves there, and holding them as such.

4. Congress shall have no power to hinder the transportation of slaves from one State to another, whether by land, navigable rivers or sea.

5. Congress shall have power by law to pay an owner who shall apply, the full value for a fugitive slave in all cases when the Marshal is prevented from discharging his duty by force or rescue made after arrest. In all such cases the owner shall have power to sue the county in which such violence or rescue was made, and the county shall have the right to sue the individuals who committed the wrong, in the same manner as the owner could sue.

6. No further amendment or amendments shall affect the preceding articles, and Congress shall never have power to interfere with slavery in the States where it is now permitted.

The last resolution declares that the Southern States have a right to the faithful execution of the laws for the recovery of slaves, and such laws ought not to be repealed or modified so as to impair their efficiency. All laws in conflict with the Fugitive Slave Law it shall not be deemed improper for Congress to ask the repeal of. The Fugitive Slave Law ought to be so altered as to make the fee of the Commissioners equal, whether he decides for or against the claimant, and the clause authorizing the person holding the warrant to summon a *posse comitatus* to be so as to restrict it to cases where violence or rescue is attempted. The laws for the suppression of the African Slave Trade ought to be faithfully executed.

THE BIGGER PROPOSITION.

The following is the corresponding portion of Mr. Bigler's proposition:—

Article 1. The territory held, or that may hereafter be acquired by the United States, shall be divided by a line from East to West, on the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude.

Article 2. That in all the territory north of said line of latitude, involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime is prohibited, and in all territory south of said line, involuntary servitude, as it now exists in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, is hereby recognized, and shall be sustained and protected by all the departments of the territorial governments; and when any territory north and south of said line, within such boundaries as Congress may prescribe, shall contain the population requisite for a member of Congress, according to the then Federal ratio of representation of the people of the United States, it shall then be the duty of Congress to admit such territory into the Union on terms of equality with the original States.

THE BORDER STATE COMPROMISE

1. Recommending the repeal of all the Personal Liberty bills.

2. That the Fugitive Slave law be amended for the preventing of kidnapping, and so as to provide for the equalization of the Commissioner's fee, &c.

3. That the Constitution be so amended as to prohibit any interference with slavery in any of the States where it now exists.

4. That Congress shall not abolish slavery in the Southern dockyards, arsenals, &c., nor in the District of Columbia, without the consent of Maryland, and the consent of the inhabitants of the District, nor without compensation.

5. That Congress shall not interfere with the inter State slave trade.

6. That there shall be a perpetual prohibition of the African slave trade.

7. That the line of 36 degrees 30 minutes shall be run through all the existing territory of the United States; that in all north of that line slavery shall be prohibited, and that south of that line neither Congress nor the territorial Legislature shall hereafter pass any law abolishing, prohibiting, or in any manner interfering with African slavery; and that when any territory containing a sufficient population for one member of Congress in any area of 60,000 square miles shall apply for admission as a State, it shall be admitted, with or without slavery, as its Constitution may determine.

A SKATING GLEE.

Swing—swing—in our airy play,
Like a hawk through the night air sweeping;
Till we have in our flight through the story
night,
The wind behind us sweeping;
Till the red blood leaps with a quicker bound,
With freedom and gladness roiling;
Till the heart throbs beat with a fuller sound
The tones of the strains of life!

Swing—swing—in our airy play,
Over the bright ice skating—
With the gleam of the steel, as we curve and
about,
Like a hawk through the clear air skating;
The shadows are swept from the heart and brow
By the thrill of the gliding motion;
And joy sparkles in our spirits now,
As the white foam crowns the ocean!

Swing—swing—in our airy play,
And about so the hills shall hear us;
Sorrow may wait at to-morrow's gate—
To-night she shall not come near us!
So swiftly we dash in our bounding chase,
That she with her eyes low-blinded,
Can never keep up with our flying pace,
But is left in the shade behind!

Swing—swing—in our airy play,
Like a hawk through the night air sweeping;
See what bright eyes from the quiet skies
Down on our sports are peeping;
And as years roll by in their rapid flight,
Looking back, we shall hear and see
The friends that glide on by our side to-night,
And the tones of the Skaters Glee!

THE GREAT AIM OF EDUCATION.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HENRY SPENCER.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely? And this being the great thing, useful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

This task, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, and used then in a vague, half-conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It belongs to us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction, with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion; but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to think that such or such information will be useful in after life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively know which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But, considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by; but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment. Our first step must obviously be to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. They may be naturally arranged into—1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation; 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations; 5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety, must clearly take precedence of all others. Could there be a man, ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, or how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he went into the street: notwithstanding any amount of learning he might have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less promptly fatal than entire ignorance in this direction, it must be admitted that knowledge immediately conducive to self-preservation is of primary importance.

That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest from the fact that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding the power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge directly for self-maintenance has more value than knowledge useful for family welfare. It is indeed in value to man

The present severe winter in England—a contrast to that which we are experiencing this side of the ocean—has naturally called up reminiscences of the old times—which can generally match the present in anything wonderful or strange. Four times during the last century the Thames was frozen. Only once during the present century, in 1813-14, has it been reduced to the same condition. Two days after Christmas there was a thick fog, followed by heavy falls of snow, and a month's frost, during which the wind blew blighting from the north or north-east, with little interruption. The river was covered with masses of floating ice, bearing huge heaps of snow, which no sooner became compact, towards the close of January, than "Ely Road" made its appearance, a street of booths

LONDON BRIDGE DURING THE FROST OF 1813-14.



upon the congealed flood, occupied by various craftsmen. Our illustration, taken from a collection of prints in the King's Library, British Museum, represents the accumulation of ice and snow at Old London Bridge. Among the doings of the time, sheep were roasted whole, and slices of the so-called "Lapland mutton" were sold to the crowd. The printers, never backward to earn a penny, and very commendably so when their offering is worth it, issued invitations, thus—

"You that walk here, and do design to tell Your children's children what this year befell, Come buy this print, and then it will be seen That such a year as this has seldom been."

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear,

To tell the wonders of this icy year, Printing claims prior place, which at one view Erects a monument of that and you.

"Printed on the River Thames, February 4, in the 34th year of the reign of George III. Anna Domini, 1814."

The last document, printed was a *feu-de-mot* to Madame Tabitha Thaw. Whether this was a skit upon the old lady, or a defiance, or an invocation, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain. But sure it is, that Madame Thaw arrived suddenly by an invisible express, in a right melting mood, and with an all-sufficing air. Printers, buyers, sellers and idlers cramped and shivering, and pressed, booths and stalls were left to their fate on the disrupting ice.

THE LIKENESS.

"Lovers are daily engaged," said a friend of mine, "and often the likeness of the beloved is taken."

I've a portrait already of thee, little mine, Love used the photographer's art. You looked for a while with your beaming bright smile, And then you'd on my sensitive heart.

You do not believe it? Then see in my eye— The image that dwells in my breast. Thy smile, beauty mine, loving and gay, Jumped up to convince you, and when you're away, Sinks back to the place of its rest. A. E.

A TERRIBLE COMPOSITION.

Chloride of nitrogen will, it is said, soon be utilized as an implement of war. Its employment would be likely, we should conjecture, to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Bagges of England, in announcing his discovery, makes mention of a system of ballooning advocated by Mr. James. Mr. Bagges proposes to carry up his composition in balloons, and drop it from the air in the midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "as a proposed element in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished among their number would scarcely dare to experiment with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and, even then, only at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation."

"And yet not one of the chemists will be bold enough to deny that, with two or three chemically clean carbonyls of this terrible compound present in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cutting of phosphorus, or a single drop of olive oil, coming in contact with it, would in one instant decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Bagges then proceeded to affirm that he "can manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, an it is in any required quantity, and that it may be safely conveyed to its destination by James' system of balloons."

A GOOD WOMAN.

I account a pure, beautiful, intelligent, and well-ordered woman, the most attractive object of vision and contemplation in the world. As mother, sister and wife, such a woman is an angel of grace and goodness, and makes a heaven of her home which is sanctified and glorified by her presence. As an element of society, she in vites into finest demonstrations all that is good in the heart, and shames into secrecy and silence all that is unbecoming and despicable. There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood, but surely, in womanhood, God most delights to show the beauty of the holiness and the sweetness of the love of which he is the infinite source. It is for this reason that a girl or young woman is a very sacred thing to me. It is for this reason that a silly young woman, or a vicious one makes me sigh or shudder. It is for this reason that I pray that I may write worthily to young women.—*Trinity Tidings*.

NOT LOST.—A gentleman, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a number of nails lying about, said to the carpenter employed on the work, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost." "No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them in the bill."

FALLING IN LOVE.

Is falling in love a reality? If it be, we ought to be able to say what kind of reality. Of course, everybody knows that people do fall in love, or say, or think, they do in England. Therefore, it might be said, the thing is so far real. But that answer is unsatisfactory. Not to treat the matter ethically or metaphysically, in a strict or technical sense, let us examine what we really mean when we speak of it, and how far it is true, or even possible. There is no question as to love itself being an affection of the mind and an instinct of man. The question rather is, is it a mere instinct and more or less involuntary? Can we—must we fall in love? Or is love under our control?—Can we love, or refrain from loving at our will? More young ladies, and not a few weak young gentlemen, and some old fools, have made fatal mistakes in life, from a superstitious belief in love at first sight, and from supposing that falling in love had controlled them like a fate. I am really most anxious to add to the happy poetry of your life: I wish that you may "love once, love ever." Therefore I say, don't fall in love. Be very cautious, and keep your heart, till a very worthy fellow—I don't say necessarily handsome (for handsome women especially know what is the real value of mere outward beauty)—but a man, a noble fellow, a gentleman, a Christian, offers to you his heart, his hand, his home; and then set your heart upon him, and love him with all your soul. You don't object to that arrangement, I know. Well, then, it is not likely to be carried out, or ever to succeed, in your case, if you are only eager to catch some coxcomb. You must really and steadfastly be very passive, and keep your heart all disengaged for that sweet, expected whisper, and embarrassed declaration of love. A "matron" might have given other advice, or given it in another way; and I am going to tell you what she probably does not know. Strange as it may appear to you, I assure you that, even in this case, you will truly be the first to love! Were the secret of man's heart known, it would be found that he really cannot love, in the full sense of that sacred word, till he is loved. Woman never ought to love till she at least thinks she is loved. Man loves in order to be loved; woman, to bestow her love. When a man admires the beauty and grace of woman (I speak not of the mere sensuality), his desire is not so much to indulge his love of these, as that he may be loved by the possessor. True woman chiefly feels a longing to bestow her heart and lavish all her sweet, attractive grace upon the man who adores or worships her. It is this distinction in the character of the passion of love in man and woman that renders reciprocal affection, and those mutual attractions of which we have been speaking, so complete and perfect and congruous. It is this difference between man and woman that naturally assigns to each their proper part in the everlasting bond they contract. "Her desire shall be to her husband," rather than his to her, and he shall rule over her—a loving rule, however, while both are true to their obligations of love. "It is not good for man to be alone," he requires the solace she gives as his "helpmate;" while she has her joy in thus watching and helping and being devoted to "her lord." Not only does this theory of loving at will not loving what is incongruous to our nature, but what pleases, serve to regulate the chief joy of life at first, but it both creates the bond, and secures it from rupture in future. The heart is fixed; it never is disturbed by foolish dreams of uncontrollable love, which too often ought to have another name; for it shows how great is the guilt of those who are unfaithful in doing their part to render the married life ever harmonious. We are too apt to talk of human failings and infirmities, and plead for their indulgence, instead of striving to correct or eradicate them. Like foolish girls who believe in falling in love, when people begin to accept their own imperfections as inevitable, and take for granted they "can't be helped," they mostly realize to the full the evil effects of their belief. Their infirmities grow upon them—a vexation to themselves and others. Perhaps three-fourths of the misery of the better classes among us result from errors at the outset of life in this matter of love, or supposed love; and a great deal of it is, no doubt, due to a belief in love being beyond our perfect control. It is the maddest passion, and when once indulged has the most potent way, and scarce can be uprooted. It must then live till it dies down—worn out; but hence the great necessity to take care of the beginnings. The grand precept of the Christian religion is to love; it is given as a command which we are to obey. To love is, therefore, an act of the human will; not a mere instinct or uncontrollable desire. The command implies the obligation and the power. In religion we are to "act our hearts on things above," and renounce what is contrary to our profession. In morals, and as a social precept, it is in like manner our duty "to set our hearts upon" worthy objects; and only "to love" where it is proper. "To fall in love" with a woman or man is, strictly speaking, as absurd as to talk of falling in love with your neighbor's house, or to yield to any other covetousness, as if it were uncontrollable.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

PAYING FOR HIS PRACTICE.—An Arab was cured of a frightful malady by the English physician who was travelling in the East with Lamartine. After the completion of the cure, the Arab went to the English doctor, not to pay his bill, but to ask for a considerable pecuniary gift. On the physician pertinaciously declining to adopt this course, the Arab remarked that he had hoped to find him more ready to manifest his gratitude to God for conferring on him knowledge enough to cure such mortal diseases as he, the Arab, had lately been struggling against.

TWO MODES OF DOING BUSINESS.

As an instance of what is meant by conventional politeness, let us give a description of a transaction between a shoemaker and a fishmonger in England, and then change the scene to China. The shoemaker has been mending the fishmonger's shoes; he brings them home and enters his neighbor's shop with his cap on and whistling. "Well," says the fishmonger, "what do you mean to charge for this job?" "One and twopenny," replies the shoemaker. The fishmonger unlocks his till. "I call that a good deal of money," he observes, as he counts it out—"Couldn't take less," replies the shoemaker, taking it. "Thankes. They wanted more doing to 'em than I expected when I took them in hand. I say, neighbor, how do you sell your red herrings?" "Three for twopenny," says the fishmonger, "and as good as ever swim." "Well, I don't mind if I take my misde twopenny worth home for her supper." So saying he hands back the twopenny, chooses three herrings, and the transaction being now concluded, the fishmonger turns his back and begins to open oysters; the shoemaker goes out whistling. Now let the scene be transferred to China. A tailor has brought home a new silk petticoat for the master of an eating-shop. The two Chinamen catch sight of each other at opposite ends of the shop, advance with gravity, stop three times, and each time make profound bows. "What is your honorable business with me?" asks the master of the house. "Your inconsiderable servant having received your commands, has done himself the appreciated honor to wait on you in your splendid shop, with your new petticoat," replies the tailor. The other man receiving it answers, "In your handsome shop work is done with punctuality and elegance that I, poor man, cannot fail to admire and envy it." The two parties again bow to each other profoundly. "How is your handsome and much-to-be-envied wife?" inquires the tailor. "The homely woman I well, I thank you humbly," answers the Chinese husband, with the disparagement which politeness demands of him. "And your industrious and estimable sons, the cinder-gatherer, and the vender of roasted crab," proceeds the tailor, "your servant trusts they are well?" "The insignificant young dogs are well," replies their father, "and are your servants ever. I hope your illustrious father is well; your servant saw him yesterday looking out at the door of his magnificent meat-plate shop, in the splendid lane, which he honors as his residence." "The poor man, my father, is well, your servant thanks you." The price of the work having been previously agreed upon, the owner now produces it, and proffers it with profound bows; but the tailor retreats, and in his turn bows, making as if he could not think of taking it, and protesting that the honor of working for the illustrious master of the eating shop is in itself sufficient reward. The master of the shop, however, pursues him to the door with fresh bows, the tailor at length takes his money, and being careful not to turn his back on his customer, the two part with gravity and renewed compliments and prostrations. This little scene is not the least exaggerated.

CAN WATER BE USED AS FUEL?

It is quite a common belief that water thrown on a fiercely raging fire acts as fresh fuel to the flames, and makes the fire hotter. A little consideration of the nature of water, and the laws of combustion, will show that this belief is an error.

Water, for neutralizing heat, is far more efficient than any other substance. Thirteen pounds of water, at 212°, in changing into steam, will practically extinguish all the heat from the burning of a pound of coal; a thermometer placed in the steam will not be raised a single degree, although, in fact, heat enough is generated by the burning coal to melt nearly ten pounds of cast iron. Nothing will put out a fire so quick as water.

But it is said that water may be decomposed when thrown on the fire, and that then it will burn; this is nearly the truth. The water may be decomposed, but not in such a way that the oxygen of the water can assist in the burning of its hydrogen. The separation of the elements of water requires and consumes a great heat; the oxygen of the water combines with its equivalent of carbon, and so much carbon is, in effect, taken from the fire and produces no heat. When the water is thus decomposed, an equivalent of hydrogen simply takes the place of its equivalent of carbon, and gives out in burning precisely the same amount of heat as is obtainable from the carbon. Of course, as hydrogen is a gas and carbon a solid, the decomposition of water in a charcoal fire would give a flame, where otherwise there would be none.

Now, if these facts be put together, we arrive at the practical conclusion that if water be thrown on a fire, in the first place a great deal of heat will be consumed in converting the water into steam; and, in the second place, that if any of the steam is decomposed, the hydrogen set free will be at the expense of its equivalent of carbon, and can, in burning, produce no more heat than the carbon.—*Scientific American*.

THE BUMP OF DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Getting shot is a fate that inevitably befalls any rare or strange bird that may happen to visit this country. Even a stray parrot runs a great risk if it should escape into the rural districts, as can be unwittingly testified by many a sorrowing and bereaved parrot-owner. So far does this cruel and abominable custom go, that I have known a parrot to be shot by a farmer, though it had escaped from a house in the same little village. The destructive propensity is truly developed to a wonderful extent in some persons, who quite justify the sarcastic foreigner in his remark that a heavenly day always inspires an Englishman with a desire to go out and kill something.—*Bentley's Natural History*.

A little boy being asked in Sunday-school, "What is the chief end of man?" answered, "The end what's got the head on."

SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I come! when the heavens are white and still,
And the winds blow from the north;
When the echoes are sharp by the frozen rill,
And the little ones go forth.

I wander unseen thro' the bracing air,
I and my fellows free,
Picking up crumbs where the soil seems bare,
And chirping of snows to be;

Of the soft, light flakes that shall flutter down,
Till their coming is hot and dense,
And they whiten the eaves of the cottage brown,
And bury the way-side fence.

Of the wreaths that shall hang over larchless
dooms,
To startle the poor in-come;
Of the sheets that shall stretch over bleak, wild
moors,
And cover the corpse of Summer!

Merry I tap at the window low
Of some pleasant valley-cool;
Where the shadows of children sway to and fro,
And the cold or the frost come not;

Where the firelight flickers o'er mouths of mirth,
Or leaps to the friendly eyes;
Where the mother sits close by the cosy hearth,
And the babe in his cradle lies.

And I tap, I tap, 'till the little ones come
To peer thro' the frosty pane,
And tempt me to nibble the proffer'd crumb,
But tempt me to enter in vain;

For down from the heavens so still and dim,
To the earth so still below,
Like frozen foam from a goblet's brim,
Droppeth the pleasant snow!

And mad with the mirth of the dancing things
I've waited and watched so long,
I quiver the air with my sweet wing,
And flee with my God-taught song!

THE GATE-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I.
From early dawn to evening late,
She sits beside the turnpike gate,
To take the toll of those who wait!

II.
Folks stop to chat with her awhile,
And what she says serves to beguile:
The way for many a weary mile.

III.
They call her pretty—and yet why?
'Tis not in lip, nor cheek, nor eye,
Unusual endowments lie!

IV.
Her soul its purity betrays,
In a thousand childlike ways,
And that long in their memory stays!

V.
When done the life she glorieth,
Oh! she shall sit with starry eyes
Within the gates of Paradise!

Mr. Jay, Jr.

THE TRUER LIFE.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was! And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live life in a vague regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
Wayways may be what we might have been.
The good, though only thought, has life and
breath;
God's life can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the true life, and this the dream.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, 'tis one scene of parting here,
Lovers' watchword is—'Farewell!'"

"Is but to feel that one most dear
Is useful to the heart,
And straight a voice is murmuring near,
Imperious, ye must part.—'Farewell!'"

Parting—parting! Oh, terrible word! Is it not the knell of our happiness from the cradle to the grave—the spectre that haunts each banquet, poisons each carousal, and casts over earth's brightest hours the unutterable dread of its presence—the knowledge that we must soon part for ever—with all we most love, all we most prize! Nor is it death always and only, that parts us. That separation we can bear, if not joyfully, at least patiently; but there are worse partings than those of the living from the dead. Change, coldness, falsehood, hate, jealousy—each has power to cause as perfect and entire alienation as the tomb; and far, far more hopeless and eternal. Those from whom God divides us, we may meet again; but those who divide themselves from us of their own free will, are indeed lost for ever.

No wonder, then, Etore lingered over those few last moments, until, at length, her courteous pause wearied out, Beatrice exclaimed,

"How very late it is growing! Surely they must have brought the key!"

"What key? Oh, now I remember! But you will not go so soon? It is very early yet."

"I think not. The sun has been up a long time, I am sure; and if I delay, I shall be missed and sought for, and then it will be difficult indeed to keep my oath."

"But you will keep it?"

"With my life, if need be. Who would so dare to trifle with God as to break the word He had been called upon to witness?"

"Not you. If all the world is false, you, at any rate, are true!"

The girl smiled sadly.

"You praise me beyond my deserts. It may be that in being true to you I am false to others; but it is too late to think of that now. I have sworn, and I will keep my oath! Now, if you are indeed my friend, I pray you suffer me to go!"

For one instant he paused irresolutely, gazing on the ground; the next he raised his eyes, met those of Beatrice, with their trustful but anxious expression, and then, without a word, turned suddenly upon his heel and left the room by a door hidden beneath the fluted salin.

A moment's eager, fearful waiting to her thus left alone, and he returned, carrying a small curiously-wrought instrument, the use of which he carefully explained to Beatrice; saying in conclusion,

"Therefore, you see that without this key, the panel, as a means of entrance or exit, is perfectly useless, as it will not open on either side without it; although, by reason of the spring, it closes readily at any time. With this, then, in your own possession, you are safe from intrusion."

"Have you the power to give it to me?"

"He will be a daring man who questions it!"—and Etore's eyes flashed; "and once in your hands, it cannot be stolen or wrested thence, except by treachery or force. Against the first you can protect yourself by wearing it always on your person; against the last, the arms of the entire band, now pledged to shield, will guard you. Have no fear—you are perfectly safe; last night's act has made you so."

"It was not of my own safety I thought, but of yours."

"Mine! Ah! that matters nothing now! But come, lady; if indeed you will go, let me lead you—the way is dark and intricate. Give me your hand."

Without hesitation, Beatrice obeyed him; and the Italian, grasping the little fingers tightly, led her out of the brilliant room, through long and low passages, so grave like and silent, that as she traversed them, the poor girl held her breath from fear.

At last they entered a narrow, lofty room, which Beatrice recognized instantly as that in which she had found herself so few hours before, upon passing through the panel; and here for the first time they paused, and Etore, almost speechless from emotion, said in a low, husky voice, which his companion could scarcely hear,

"We part now and for ever; and if in all that has passed during your eventful visit here, I have done aught to serve you, promise—"

"He stopped, unable to proceed, and Beatrice, scarcely less agitated than himself, continued,

"Not to forget to remember you? Ah, how can you doubt it! I should be base indeed, to forget him to whom I owe my life!"

"And whose mad love will embitter his own forever?"

"I trust—I pray not. You will soon find some worthier object to love, and forget me."

"Never!"

"Oh, yes, yes! But, hark! Ah! mercy, what is that?" cried Beatrice, as a loud knocking broke the stillness.

"Nothing of any consequence: only something that has fallen in the corridor."

"No, no; it is a summons at my door.—They have missed me from breakfast, and are come to call me! Quick! open the panel, or suspicion will be aroused!"

With cold, tremulous fingers the Italian sought out the oaken flower, the centre of which being pushed aside, revealed the tiny hole into which the key fitted; but even as he did so the knocking recommenced, and the faint sound of voices was distinguishable.

"Quick, quick!" cried Beatrice again. "If they break into the room and find me absent, I shall be lost! Oh, Etore, be quick!"

And even as she spoke, without the slightest sound or click, the panel sprang open, and the girl bounded through; but ere she had quite passed out of reach, Etore seized her hand and pressed it wildly to his lips; then resigned it, drew the key from the lock, and laid it in her palm. A look of ineffable gratitude rewarded his generosity; and then the door was drawn to, that shut Beatrice and her protector apart forever.

At the same moment new cries and blows resounded in the corridor; and the young helmsman, hastily fastening on a dressing gown, and gathering up his hair, as if just awakened from sleep, went forward, unbarred the door, and opened it, while exclamations of "Beatrice! Cousin! Miss Lyle!" greeted her on all hands.

"My dear people, what is the matter?" said she, assuming a look of drowsy surprise. "What brings you here in such force, and at such an unaccountable time in the morning?"

"Unaccountable! Why, it's ten o'clock!"

"Oh, impossible!"

"Nay, but it's true. But what has been the matter?"

"Nothing. What should be the matter?"

"There, I told you so!" said Lady Shirley, triumphantly. "But you never will listen to reason!"

"That's because we so seldom hear it," answered Julia; "although I cannot understand, Beatrice, how it is, if you are quite well, you neither came down to breakfast as usual, nor answered our calls. I am sure they were loud enough!"

"Yes, indeed; but I'm afraid I'm in a little, good-for-nothing mood this morning,

tired out from yesterday." And she passed her hand wearily over her brow. "Is breakfast over? I hope you have not waited for me."

"Indeed we have; nothing else would satisfy them," replied Lady Shirley, fretfully.

"Then pray go down and commence at once. I will be with you directly."

"Nay, Beatrice," interposed William, affectionately; "I am sure you will be better alone for a few hours. You look wretchedly pale and ill. Lie down, and we will send you a tray."

"Yes, do," urged Julia. "You are as white as a ghost."

"Am I? That's from exhaustion—waiting for my breakfast. A cup of coffee will rid me of unwelcome thoughts."

"To be sure—to be sure! Come, now, good people, let us go down, and leave Beatrice in peace; she'll look better after breakfast."

And motioning the others to precede her, Lady Shirley followed them to the dining-room, while Count Orsini, no little relieved by Beatrice's composure and self-possession, and seeing in it security for her silence, endeavored to assume an air of wounded feeling, which became him exceedingly ill.

Meantime the young orphan hurried through her toilette, giving herself no leisure to think on the past, and speculate upon the future; but when the last arrangements were complete, she left her room, and running quickly down stairs, encountered William at the bottom.

"My dear Beatrice," he said, tenderly, drawing her arm within his own, "it is useless attempting to deceive me; something is the matter—tell me what it is!"

"Nothing that need make you anxious, Willie. I have only had a visit from the Count's ghost again."

"I thought so. By the saints above, I'll pull the house about that scoundrel's ears!"

"Hush, hush! What has he to do with it?"

"Everything! Do you think I'm fooled by his tales of ghosts and hobgoblins? Not I! How is it, if there are such things, they never come near Conyers or me?"

"I don't know."

"But I do. Because they know—he knows they are not bullet-proof, and that George and I sleep with pistols under our heads."

"You would not use them?"

"Wouldn't I? Only just let me get a chance, that's all. I wouldn't give much for the life that would be left in my visitor afterwards. But it's an infamous shame they should single you out for their antics. I'll stop them, if there's virtue in gunpowder!"

"Nay, nay, Willie, be patient! Do nothing violent!"

"You had better not appeal to my patience with such a face as that, darling!—white, and black, and ghastly as an old woman's! Why this detestable visit has made you look ten years older and sadder! I don't think I've seen you smile—smile as if you meant it—once since we came."

"No!"

And the poor, harassed, weary girl tried to do so now; but the effort failed, and her head sank on William's shoulder, while he, passing his arm round her, pressed her towards him, causing her to utter an involuntary cry of pain.

"What have I done?—what is the matter? How could I be so awkward?" he exclaimed, anxiously, releasing her at once.

"Never mind—never mind! It was only a sudden pang!" she answered, bravely; but her lip quivered, as she felt a drop of blood from the recent wound trickle down her arm upon her hand.

She wiped it off hastily, fearful lest it should be seen; and, as she did so, became conscious that another person was present beside William and herself.

She turned nervously—a pair of dark, malicious eyes met hers—and, starting aside, she dropped her handkerchief.

Pietro—for it was he—bent forward respectfully, picked it up, glanced with an expression of pleasure upon the cruel evidence of pain of which he had been the cause, and giving it back to the owner's hand, said, in tones only audible to herself,

"Remember!"

At this word, adding, as it were, the last drop to her already overfull cup of sorrow, the hapless girl, utterly overcome with pain, exhaustion and excitement, reeled, and would have fallen, had not William caught her in his arms. But when she recovered, and looked round, Pietro and the handkerchief had both disappeared; while her companion, unable to account for this sudden emotion, said, tenderly,

"This is illness, Beatrice—real illness. You must have advice."

"No, no! I am not ill! But, oh! William, this house frightens me; if you love me, take me away!"

"That I will, darling; but—"

"Do not put me off with buts—I cannot bear it. I am almost wild!"—and she clung to him trembling—"and if you will not go too, I shall go alone."

"That you shall not. We will all go. I will speak to my mother and Julia after breakfast, and if I cannot induce them to move, why then we must dare, avow everything, and go ourselves."

"Thank you—thank you. Forgive me for my selfishness in accepting such a sacrifice, but indeed I cannot stay here another night. I should lose my senses."

Two hours after this, the young people were assembled before the low, open windows of the dining-room. Beatrice was seated upon the terrace, seated on a block of stone, a strip of embroidery in her hands, which furnished an excuse for her silent, preoccupied manner; and George, by arm on a pile of ruined masonry, was bending over her, speaking low. William leaned against the wall, casting pebbles idly into a small clear pool which lay below; and Julia, with a roll of music which she had been writing, stood beside him, looking far offener on the living picture formed by her cousin and Mr.

Conyers, than upon the brilliantly tinted pages she held in her hand, which she presently threw down, saying, impatiently,

"How tired I am of this hateful place! I wish we had never come."

"Why, I thought it was at your express wish, Julia!"

"Did you? Then you thought wrong. I hate it!"

"And the owner too?"

"Yes, and the owner too; he is one degree worse than the place, if that be possible.—Oh! I detest him—it—everything. I wish we were at home."

"Then why can we not go?"

"Ah! Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do!"

"Really?"

"Really! If only you can settle it with my mother, every eye else is ready and willing."

"For what?" asked Beatrice, coming up.

"To leave here, and go home."

"Ay, indeed,"—and her pale face flushed with eager anxiety,—"I am. And you, William, told me that you were long ago."

"I know I did—and I repeat it; and fortunately for us, Julia is of the same mind."

"Thank Heaven!"

Julia laughed sincerely, repeating,

"Thank Heaven! What a gentle, pious ejaculation! How I do envy you religious people, who have Heaven and Providence at your fingers' ends, ready for the slightest occasion; while such furling shiners as myself have none but nameless friends and powers on whom to call!"

"Julia!"

"Well—what? I'm no angel, and I never pretend to be."

"Then you do not agree with Shakespeare, that it is wise to 'assume a virtue if you have it not'?"

"Of course not. I hate assumption, pretension of goodness or badness, or humbug of any kind."

"Very well—that's agreed. And now to return to our subject. Will you ask my mother at once, and arrange that we shall go?"

"No; why should I ask? If you and Beatrice want to go, ask for yourselves."

"Now that's too bad, Julia. Not five minutes since you were half frantic to be off, hating Cliff Castle, its master, and now—"

"And now I hate them worse than ever," she said, savagely, crushing a hapless beetle with her foot, as she saw Conyers's eyes fixed on Beatrice, whom he was watching attentively all the while he feigned to read a pamphlet which he had taken from his pocket.

"You're a riddle," answered William, moving away, "and quite past my comprehension."

"Very likely."

"Why do you hate them?" said Beatrice, shyly. "I thought and hoped you at least were happy here."

Julia turned quickly upon the questioner, her cold eyes glittering as she said, with strong emphasis,

"Did you? I am indebted to you for your affectionate anxiety. But why do you hate them? Why are you in haste to go? Surely you are sickle. The fortunate possessor of such toys as these should not weary so soon of the giver."

And with the words, she drew from her pocket the key to the secret panel, which Etore had entrusted to Beatrice.

The girl became deathly pale, felt hurriedly in her bosom and dress, and then finding her treasure gone, sprang forward, crying, imploringly,

"It is mine—it is mine! Give it to me!"

"No!"

"Oh, Julia! for pity, for mercy's sake—"

"No—I found it, and shall keep it."

"When, when did you find it? I had it safe half an hour since!"

"Pity you did not keep it so!"

"Pray—pray give it to me!"

"Tell me first who gave it to you?"

"Do not ask me! I cannot—I dare not!"

"Was it he?"

And she glanced towards George.

"He! Oh, no, no! If he had, I would have told you at once; but, dear Julia, give it to me, and I will give you anything you like in return."

"Don't make rash promises; you may find them dangerous."

"Not with you. But see, here are your brother and Mr. Conyers; for heaven's sake, do not let them see it. Give it to me."

Julia laughed provokingly; held the little instrument a moment in her hand; inspected it carefully; then suffered it to slide into her pocket; while at the moment William and George came up, and Beatrice, terribly distressed, yet not daring to plead further, fell back a few paces, her saddened eyes resting on the ground.

"Well, Miss Shirley," said Mr. Conyers, "so William tells me you vote with us for a break up of the camp here. I don't wonder you're tired of it."

"Indeed, I am, heartily. Have you seen my mother?"

"No; we dare not do so, except under your convey."

"Towards?"

"Ah! pity us, and mercifully extend your aid. Only do you open the war, and you shall see how gallantly we'll support you."

"I'll try you. My mother is in the dining-room. Let us go at once. But remember," and she tapped his arm playfully, "no desertion—no hanging back."

"Don't crush me by the suspicion. Lead, and I'll follow to the death."

It would be in vain attempting to paint Lady Shirley's amazement when the young people pre-arranged their request.

"Impossible—impossible!" she said, angrily.

"Quite out of the question. I cannot bear of it. Why, what do you suppose the Count would think? especially as we came for a week, at least?"

"What on earth does it matter what he thinks?" said Julia. "We have our own comfort to consult, not his thoughts."

"And, really, I do believe he would be

quite as glad of our departure as we ourselves."

"Oh, you are prejudiced, William; and I know of old that it is utterly useless talking to you, when once you have taken up a notion. You are the most obstinate being in existence."

"Firmest, you mean, mother. It's really too bad your quarrelling with me about that; since, of all my characteristics, firmness is the one I value most, seeing that I inherit it from you!"

"Nonsense! I'm not in the mood to be flattered out of my senses. You ask the most unreasonable, out-of-the-way thing, and then expect to carry your point by compliments! Absurd!"

"It would be if I did expect it, but I don't. What you will not yield to common sense, I know you will not to soft saviour; and, therefore, I should never try to administer it!"

"What are you doing now?"

"Talking sense—endeavoring to convince you of how much greater consequence our own feelings and comfort are to us, than Count Orsini's objections."

"You will not succeed. Have you no sense of propriety—or of etiquette—or—"

"Nonsense, mamma; don't fight a losing battle. We are all sick of the place, and so are you, if you would only confess it. Do be good-natured, then, and let us go," said Julia.

"Impossible! quite impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to a determined person, and I am resolved to go."

"And I to stay."

"Then we part company."

"Good heavens, child, what are you talking about? Are you wild, speaking to me in this way?"

"Not quite; though I soon should be, if I stayed here."

"Why, what's the matter, I should like to know?"

"A thousand things, each one worse than the last. But it's useless troubling you with a list of grievances at present; we will keep the recital until our next meeting at Shirley. Now I shall have plenty to do to pack."

"Pack?"

"To be sure! I shan't leave my belongings behind; and Adele is horribly stupid. By-the-by, I suppose you would like her to stay—that is, if she will; for she hates the place as much as we do, and will, perhaps, insist upon going."

"I don't wonder; for I am sure if we do not all go soon, there will be nothing left of us to go," said William; "what with the ghosts, and tempests, and dreams!"

"Ah, yes; but they trouble Beatrice more than the rest of us; she is the heroine," cried Julia, unable to repress a sneer. "But now I must vanish and hasten operations, or we shall be benighted. William, you find papa, and see about the horses; and you, Beatrice, come with me. Shall I see Adele to rub your foot, mamma?"

"What is it bad again?" cried William, returning.

"Yes, indeed it is very painful to-day—very bad. I think I must get Dr. Love to look at it."

"Of course—of course; you should have done so before—for you may rely upon it, that nothing

"I should think not. But Beatrice, love, how is this? You are as pale as snow, and not fit to ride that plucky little brute today. Let me lift you down, and wait here till the carriage comes up, and then change with Julia. She'll be delighted at the chance, for she's fretting and pining away at being shut up in the barouche like a bird in a net."

"No, thank you—no, thank you! I have only a headache, and the air will do that more good than anything else. And now that the ground is level again, shall we gallop on?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLEA FOR JENKINS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can any one define the characteristics of that important contributor to our public journals and chronicle of public events, the ubiquitous Jenkins? What constitutes Jenkins? Why should Jenkins be at once run after, and run down?—his "items" so greedily imbibed, and himself so mud bespattered for his pains?

A few months ago occasional mention was made in the periodicals of the day of a certain young Englishman bearing, if one may trust public report, the name of Albert Edward Jenkins. Items found their way into the news-columns of the papers chronicling the risings and the sittings, the intrigues and the outcroppings of that remarkable young person.

We were even informed of the exact curve of his "Roman nose," and the precise number of minutes during which he "rested" his partners in the waltz.

"Jenkins" muttered the lords of the press in their deepest tones of indignation—but they copied the items.

"Fudge! Jenkins!" cried the readers of the papers—like they read every line. Yes, and they liked it too. We did, my sisters, did we not? let us own the soft impeachment. And you, my brothers, in spite of the stern sense and lofty sentiments which invariably characterize every member of your noble sex that I have ever met with, did you look with entire and consistent disapprobation on such scraps of gossip?

If, in our heart of hearts, we relish Jenkins then, why do we pretend to scorn him? Surely it is time that some gauntlet should be thrown down in challenge of battle for his cause? I look upon this malignant literature as a benefactor to his race; not so much to his own generation, perhaps, as to succeeding ones. It is he who diversifies the arid waste of history with the trivial personalities which, after all, prove the best leaven for letting in light on the whole dreary muddle. And how precious is the intimate knowledge we gain at his hands of the ways, wants, works, and weaknesses of the great ones who have given themselves as a legacy to the whole world!

It may not seem an absolutely necessary or beneficial piece of information when Jenkins tells us, as he did a few weeks ago, the exact price per pair of the stockings worn by the footmen of his Grace the Duke of Worn you call him. But suppose the story related to Goldsmith's famous peach-blossom coat,—would anybody be willing to dispense with that piece of gossip?

The writer of the present day has been harder upon our poor friend Jenkins, in all his multifarious shapes of snobbishness, than Mr. Thackeray. Yet it really seems as if Jenkinsism flourishes rampantly in every page of his Four Georges. Chatty, brilliant, amusing Jenkinsism, but with a little excuse in the subject as need be, for the stupidities and wickednesses of those four reigns might, one would think, have been sufficient to fall into oblivion, and the world sustain no great loss thereby.

The most perfect specimen of Jenkins biography in the world, probably, is Boswell's Life of Johnson. Is it anything but that quality which has so secured its unexampled and still subsisting popularity? The great lexicographer would long ago have passed into comparative oblivion, were it not for the record in which he still grunts, rolls, gushes, boards up orange peel, and dogmatically puts down argument in perfect and marvellous verbiage.

If such a miracle should occur at this day as the discomfitment of some hygienic Jenkins of the sixteenth century, doing for Shakespeare what Boswell did for Johnson, with what shouts of enthusiastic joy and gratitude would the discovery be hailed by the whole civilized world! Had the useful race no existence in those days? or is it a special destiny, with special use consoled in its silence, that keeps the greatest of the world's poets apart from all others, hidden in the obscurity of his cloudy Olympus? This only, of all the world!

A few weeks ago, we read, with vivid interest, in that delectable column of miscellanies which generally finishes off the third page of The Post, that Milton loved best, while composing, to sit with one leg over the arm of his chair. That was "nice" to know—to use the all-comprehensive phrase of young ladies. But who shall tell us how Shakespeare sat, lay, stood, or walked, while he composed? May it be not even, in some circles, a mooted question whether Shakespeare really did compose his own works?

By the way, one may pause to wonder how the advocates of the Della Baconian theory dispose of the authorship of the sonnets—those wonderful poems, so instinct with passionate life that their poetic beauty is almost lost to us in the feeling of the heart throbs in them answering to our own pulses. He who wrote them was never merely the "fat graver," as which their disloyal tongues stigmatize our Shakespeare?

Oh, for some gossip of that day to unridle for us the story hinted at in those sonnets. But the personality of Shakespeare is almost as much a myth to us as that of Homer; or even more so, for we know one pathetic infirmity of "The blind old man of Scio's rocky lake," but whether the other might be really and literally "made lame by Fortune's devious aim," has never been fully decided upon. All for the want of some properly qualified Jenkins to testify.

As to the Jenkins of private life, male or female—who know to a dime the cost of Mrs. A.'s new Cashmere shawl, or the "figure" of Mr. B.'s fast trotter, with all other particulars pertaining to those and the like important subjects—it is certain that he all winces a little when the infliction touches ourselves personally; yet we may seek patience and comfort in considering that it may be an amiable trait to take such lively interest in their neighbor's affairs, instead of wrapping themselves up in concern for their own.

Let us try for a moment to realize the awful blank that would ensue if the whole element of Jenkinsism were suddenly stricken out of our social life and converse. What intervals of dread silence would fall upon our soirees and conversations! How mute would stand our young men and maidens in the intervals of cotillion and schottish! How would topics of interest fall even in "serious circles," and little be found to say of church or minister, when upholstery and general external getting up were tabooed subjects!

May we not then extend the hand of sympathy to Jenkins with whom we are so intimately concerned, and no longer strive to make his vocation so much a burden to him, with the steady pricks of ridicule and opprobrium.

M. C. P.

WHY COFFEE BEATEN IN A MORTAR IS BETTER THAN COFFEE GROUND IN A MILL.—It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten, is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact; and in his brief article upon the subject, Savarin gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink.

He agrees with other writers, that the Turks excel in this. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used the pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill—the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted this coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill. And after mentioning that any one may repeat the experiment, he tells a strange anecdote of the influence of one or the other kind of manipulation, viz: "Monsieur," said Napoleon, one day, to Laplace, "how comes it that a glass of water into which I put a lump of loaf sugar tastes more pleasantly than if I had put in the same quantity of crushed sugar." "Sire," said the philosophical seigneur, "there are three substances, the constituents of which are identical—sugar, gum, and amidon; they differ only in certain conditions, the secret of which nature has preserved. I think it possible that in the effect produced by the pestle some saccharine particles become either gum or amidon, and cause the difference." This remark became public, and Savarin's ulterior observations have confirmed the truth of it.

Boston Transcript.

BATHER GREEN.

A youth in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighborhood.

But vainly he tried to arouse
From her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.

MEMORIES dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glens, like naiads in the wells,
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.

A Spanish paper, after a deliberate survey of the past, present and future prospects of the United States, kindly advises the President to abandon the idea of purchasing Cuba, and to turn his attention to buying South Carolina. This is considered a fair hit.

AFFECTION IN MAN AND WOMAN.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat, but did you ever know of a woman having attachment for an old bonnet?

"REMEMBERANCE" is, 'tis wretched
When its meditations bring,
Fresh and alive no forms
But such as wound and sting;

Bright prospects faded; kindness wronged;
Warm confidence betrayed;
Affection scorned; and friendship
But the shadow of a shade;

Alas! in such a dross,
Fit partner of distress,
Alas! what can remembrance be,
But added wretchedness!

They serenade the bankers out West with this air, or rather this strain—
Meet me by moonlight—a loan
Is all that I'll there ask of thee.

There is something very conducive to longevity in holding office. To make a man live till eighty, all that's necessary is to give him a salary of ten thousand a year.

There are some books and characters so pleasant, that criticism is perplexed or silent. The hounds are perpetually at fault among the sweet-scented herbs and flowers that grow at the base of Elina.

It often happens with people who were born "with silver spoons in their mouths," that, when they grow up, nothing can be seen of them but the spoons.

A Western editor in speaking of a dandy's dicker, says—"It was scented and torn like a south wind after passing through a fence made of thorn bushes."

LATE NEWS.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 8.—Both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature have agreed to adjourn on next Monday, till March 20.

THE ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK.—VAN BUREN, ARK., Feb. 8.—The conductor of the overland mail from Little Rock, reports that the rumor that the arsenal at that point had been seized, is false. He says that a party of men came up from below to take the arsenal, but were told by the citizens of Little Rock that they would be resisted, and they consequently abstained from any attempt.

THURLOW WEED, the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, and life-long friend of Senator Seward, has been appointed by the Legislature a delegate from New York to the Washington Convention, vice Gardiner, declined. He paper denies that he is in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, as he was generally supposed to be. He has declined the appointment.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 7.—In the State Convention to-day, a motion was made to invite all the States except those of New England to join the Southern Confederacy. The resolution was ordered to be printed, and its consideration was made the special order of the day for Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The Postmaster at Mobile denies to the Post Office Department that letters passing through that office have been violated.

The Springfield correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that prominent Republican members of the Illinois legislature are in favor of signing a remonstrance against the appointment of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State. The N. Y. Tribune denounces Mr. Seward in its columns, and seems inclined to class him either among "the cowards or the traitors."

There are eleven naval vessels in commission on our coast—one at Cuba and another at Fort Taylor and Tortugas. The Macedonian and Brooklyn have arrived in the neighborhood of Fort Pickens.

Captain Tilton, of Maryland, attached to the Navy, and a member of the Lighthouse Board, committed suicide last week, by blowing his brains out with a pistol. He had for some time past been much depressed, owing to the political state of the country.

It is said that not more than thirty straight-out Unionists have been elected to the Virginia Convention. The popular majority for the conservative ticket is said to be about fifty thousand.

MAJOR CHASE RETIRING.—The Tallahassee Floridian, of the 2nd inst., says that Major Chase, in command of the troops of Pensacola, has asked to be relieved. The Mississippians (about 800) have gone home, as the attack upon Fort Pickens is given up for the present, owing to its great strength, and the presence of several U. S. vessels of war.

A BRITISH CAPTAIN INJURED.—The Savannah papers state that Capt. Vaughan, of the British ship Kale, was recently maltreated in that city; the inference is by some vigilance committee. The act is greatly deprecated as tending towards a difficulty with the English Government. The Savannah papers are silent upon the particulars of the occurrence, which is, however, termed by the British Consul at that city, in an advertisement offering a reward of \$1,000 for the conviction of the guilty parties, "a dastardly and brutal outrage." The Mayor of Savannah has also offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension and conviction of the participants in the "personal abuse and violence" offered Captain Vaughan.

ST. LOUIS ARSENAL.—There are nearly 600 United States troops now stationed at the St. Louis Arsenal for its protection.

TEXAS.—The ordinance of secession passed on the 1st, says 146, says 7. The ordinance is to be voted for on the 23d instant, and, if adopted, will go into effect on the 2d of March.

Governor Houston recognizes the Convention, and that the people have declared their attachment to the South and a desire to join the Southern Confederacy, but if none is formed, he will cast his lot with the Republic of Texas.

The Washington Star newspaper has telegraphic information saying that the Cherokee Indians have seceded, and captured the U. S. Fort Gibson.

Dr. Alexander Webster, a Scottish divine, was a free-bottle man, accustomed to spend half the night in convivial company. Of him is the anecdote told that, as he was reeling homeward in the dawn of a summer morning, a friend asked, what his congregation would think if they saw him thus; to which he replied: "They would not believe their own eyes."

If you laugh too long and too immoderately at a joke, others will laugh at you rather than the joke.

A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out—"Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life!"

SPEAK OUT.—In a very thin house, an actress spoke very low in her communication to her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed, with a woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us."

Ill nature in one person disturbs the whole company, and makes them feel cross too, as electricity at one end runs the whole length of the wire.

Many complain that they are not appreciated properly, simply because they are.

They call sleep "death's counterfeit," and this is a case in which the counterfeit is generally preferred to the genuine article.

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a lodestone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

HOW TO RISE EARLY IN THE MORNING.—"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a bucketful on him.

Dr. Christopher Girtanner, an eminent professor, of Göttingen, has prophesied, in a memoir of Azote, that in the twentieth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron which we daily swallow with our food. The doctor may properly be called the Golden Prophet.

Madame de Staël says, there is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that leads to our first sight of them almost at a glance of recognition.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

The Free and Slave Populations of the United States.

FREE STATES.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Maine	368,169	419,958	51,789
New Hampshire	317,970	336,072	18,102
Vermont	314,190	335,827	21,637
Massachusetts	804,514	1,231,494	426,980
Rhode Island	147,545	174,721	27,176
Connecticut	370,972	460,670	89,698
New York	2,097,254	3,851,565	1,754,311
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	2,916,011	604,225
New Jersey	490,555	676,034	185,479
Ohio	1,980,329	2,377,917	397,588
Indiana	988,416	1,550,802	562,386
Illinois	981,470	1,862,927	881,457
Michigan	397,654	774,201	376,547
Wisconsin	405,791	761,465	355,674
Iowa	192,214	682,002	489,788
Minnesota	6,077	174,706	168,629
Oregon	—	52,508	52,508
California	—	284,770	284,770
Total	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651

SLAVE STATES.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Delaware	31,522	31,255	267
Maryland	385,004	311,265	73,739
Virginia	1,421,061	1,508,199	87,138
North Carolina	800,009	1,008,342	208,333
South Carolina	699,507	715,371	15,864
Georgia	906,185	1,082,827	176,642
Florida	87,445	145,024	57,579
Alabama	711,625	965,917	254,292
Mississippi	198,526	890,658	692,132
Louisiana	517,702	696,431	178,729
Arkansas	80,997	466,775	385,778
Texas	112,592	900,953	788,361
Tennessee	1,002,717	1,146,590	143,873
Kentucky	982,405	1,145,567	163,162
Missouri	682,044	1,201,214	519,170
Total	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539

TERRITORIES, &c.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Kansas	—	143,645	143,645
Nebraska	—	28,402	28,402
New Mexico	—	61,547	61,547
Utah	—	11,380	11,380
Idaho	—	—	—
Washington	—	11,624	11,624
Dist. of Columbia	—	75,221	75,221
Total	—	406,345	406,345

RECAPITULATION.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Free States	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651
Slave States	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539
Territories, &c.	—	406,345	406,345
Total	23,067,442	31,641,977	8,574,535

TOTAL FREE POPULATION.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Free States	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651
Slave States	—	—	—
Territories, &c.	—	406,345	406,345
Total	13,454,473	18,802,124	5,347,651

TOTAL SLAVE POPULATION.	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Slave States	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539
Territories, &c.	—	—	—
Total	9,612,969	12,433,508	2,820,539

The following table shows the proportion of slave to free population in the different Slave States in 1860.

Slave States.	Free.	Slave.	Ratio.
Delaware	110,548	1,806	1:61
Maryland	640,183	55,826	1:11
Virginia	1,097,373	95,826	1:11
North Carolina	679,945	328,377	1:2
South Carolina	308,180	401,819	1:3
Georgia	615,366	465,461	1:3
Florida	81,885	63,899	1:3
Alabama	520,444	438,473	1:3
Mississippi	194,345	696,607	1:4
Louisiana	331,710	109,695	1:3
Arkansas	115,999	184,666	1:2
Texas	595,578	287,112	1:2
Tennessee	950,077	225,490	1:4
Kentucky	1,085,968	119,619	1:9
Missouri	—	—	—
Total	8,341,135	3,300,353	1:2.5

FROM WASHINGTON.

The plith of the recent correspondence between Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, and the President, is that the President has no more power to treat for the sale of Fort Sumpter than for the sale of the Capitol; and that "At the present moment it is not deemed necessary to reinforce Major Anderson, because he makes no such request."

Should his safety, however, require reinforcement, every effort will be made to supply them." South Carolina, it is said, has referred the question to the Montgomery Convention, the seat of the Southern Confederacy, and the Secretary of State has been notified to the Senate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Daniel, deceased, and John Pettit as District Judge of Kansas. Their confirmation is not probable.

Mr. Coffey's bill, empowering the Postmaster-General to stop mails in States where they were violated, or the revenues not paid over, was carried in the House by a large majority. The Postmaster-General may stop the mails on the border of a seceding State, and there deliver to an authorized agent of said State to continue the transportation to a point of destination, provided the correspondence thus delivered be in United States stamped envelopes.

The President returned Col. Hayne's last letter as being offensive. He refused to send it into Congress on that ground.

The President has signed the joint resolution extending the time for taking evidence in the McCormick Patent Repeal case. This is considered as a defeat of the patentee.

CALIFORNIA.—The election of Speaker of the Assembly, on the 14th, ult., was effected by a coalition between the Republicans and Douglas Democrats. A similar coalition will be attempted to elect a Douglas Democrat of Northern bias for United States Senator, while a portion of the Breckinridge and Douglas members are negotiating to combine on some Southern Douglas Democrat.

The Governor's message was delivered on the 18th. The principal feature was the strong grounds taken in favor of preserving the Union and opposition to a Pacific Republic under any circumstances. He urges the petitioning of Congress to alter the Eastern boundary of California so as to take in the Washoe river region.

Letters from Congressmen Scott and Burch, advocating a Pacific Republic, are published in all the leading papers, and severely denounced. Only two or three obscure papers defend or excuse either of the letters. Resolutions have been introduced into the Senate declaring California's fidelity to the Union, and in opposition to the secession of any State, which it is believed will pass both Houses by large majorities.

IMPORTANT FROM SAVANNAH.—Savannah, Feb. 9.—The State authorities under direction of Governor Brown, seized five New York vessels yesterday, as follows:—

Irish W. R. Kirby, brig Golden Lead, bark D. Coliden, bark Murray, schooner Julia, bark Lock.

An assize of the bark Murray is said to have been adjourned.

The telegraphic dispatch does not explain the cause of the seizure, but it is presumed to be in retaliation for the seizure of arms on board the steamer Montecello by the police of New York city.

FROM FORT SUMTER.—The Marion, with the wives and children of the garrison at Fort Sumter, arrived at New York yesterday. The women say that there is not a particle of disaffection in the garrison—that the garrison is simply supplied with food—and that the garrison had not been reinforced.

In order to deserve a true friend, you must first learn to be one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Canada brings advices to Sunday, the 27th, and \$265,000 in specie.

The Sardinians have entered the Roman States, and dispersed the reactionary bands. They had also burnt the Convent at Castella.

The prospectus had been issued of an India Cotton Company in England. It is proposed to establish agencies in Guzerat, and purchase cotton of the growers direct, and to endeavor to improve the process of picking and cleaning by machinery.

Attention is drawn to the fact that Anderson, the fugitive slave, cannot be taken from Canada to England at present, inasmuch as he cannot be conveyed through American territory, and no other route will be opened before spring.

FRANCE.—There is great activity in the French arsenals and ports.

A camp at Chalons is to be formed early in the spring, consisting of 60,000 men, under Marshal McMahon.

Gen. Lamoriciere, in a letter declining a sword of honor, writes that such distinctions are for battles won, &c., while his fortune has been the very reverse.

The Bourse, on the 25th, was quiet, but firm.

ITALY.—Advices from Gaeta are to the effect of the 23d. The fire of the Sardinians was vigorously continued, and slowly repelled.

The London Globe learns that Francis II. resolved to hold out at Gaeta, by the advice of the foreign ministers.

It was rumored that negotiations were progressing to replace the French troops at Rome, by Sardinians.

Typhoid fever was making ravages at Gaeta.

COMMERCIAL.—All qualities of Cotton have slightly declined, and buyers demand a further reduction, which holders refuse.

STATE OF TEXAS.—The advices from Manchester are unfavorable. There has been but little inquiry

Will and Gamor.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

BY "THE LETTER."

I love—oh, more than words can tell!
(Your five and thirty thousand shiners.)
You draw me by a countless spell,
(As California draws the miners.)
You are as rich in beauty's flower,
(And rich in several ways beside it.)
Had I your hand with money power,
(Across a banker's desk to guide it.)
No one my future could dim,
(My father, too, what joy to him?)

Oh, my, my young, my own-like girl,
(She's old enough to be my mother.)
Let "yes," "yes," "yes," "yes," "yes," "yes,"
(My laughter it is hard to smother.)
Let lips that love hath formed for joy,
(For joy, if they her purse resign me.)
Long breathe are they destroy,
(And to a debtor's jail consign me.)
The heart that beats to do a deed!
(Yourself the less, your fortune more.)

Connect—connect, my precious love!
(Her price is five and thirty thousand.)
I swear by all around above,
(Her purse-strings now I feel are loosed.)
I have not loved you for your wealth,
(Nor loved at all, as I'm a snower.)
Oh, bless you yield, one kiss by stealth,
(My sick—that kiss has spotted my snower.)
Now early name the blissful day!
(My name grow clamorous for their pay.)

SINGULAR PROOF OF INSANITY.

In one of the Northern towns of New York resides an old Dutchman by the name of S., whose son was not making the wisest disposition of the property which he had received from the old man. At least so thought the anxious parent. How to put a stop to Bill's extravagance was the question. After everything else had failed, he resolved upon a desperate measure. Application was made to the proper authorities, and a court was appointed to decide upon the question of Bill's sanity. After the organization of the Court, the old man was the first witness called to the stand. The following were the questions of the counsel, with the answers of the anxious parent.

Counsel:—How long, Mr. S., since you first thought your son was becoming insane?

Mr. S.:—A little over a year.

Counsel:—Please state to the jury what it was that first awakened your suspicion?

Mr. S.:—He jined the meeting.

Counsel:—Well, Mr. S., what else did you see in his conduct that led you to doubt his sanity?

Mr. S.:—He goes the minister's house of day.

It is needless to say that nothing else of importance appearing against Bill, he was allowed to retain the management of his own affairs.

GOOD ADVICE.

A Western brother writes of his experience in a religious meeting:

In one of our settlements lived John Rogers, and a very clever man he was; his chief and only fault seemed to be in occasionally taking a little too much of whiskey. He generally attended the religious meetings at the school house, and one day he took his seat near the door. The brethren, one after another, told their experiences, and made their confessions. One Tom Brown told his experience (he was well known in the community as a cold-hearted, close-fisted, selfish man, who compelled his family to live principally on hog-meat and corn-dodgers, hardly ever treating them to the taste of wheat bread, though abundantly able. He went on to confess his sins and shortcomings to his brethren and sisters, and asked their prayers that he might be enabled to live better than he had been living. He said "he knew that he had lived in a very poor way," and, in short, "he had not lived as well as he ought to live." This last sentence caught the ear of Rogers, who sat listening in a half-dramatic state, and, forgetting the time and place, he exclaimed,

"Then why in the world don't you buy a barrel of flour and live better?" and immediately darted out of the door.

The congregation was thunder-struck, and so was Tom Brown; but the effect was good for Brown ever after lived better.

UNFORTUNATE COMPANION.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfillment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called, one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice, observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day,

"Were the shoes anything like these?"

"No, my lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better, and more genteel."

The Court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

A GERMAN YANKEE.—A German, who had \$300 in gold deposited in one of the Western banks, stepped up to the counter the other day, presented his certificate, and demanded his gold. He was paid, when he said to the banker,

"Vot you gif for gold now, ch?"

"Five per cent," was the response.

"Oh, yaw, dat ish good. I sell you done for good paper monish."

"All right," was the reply, and \$15 in currency was handed the ex-depositor, who took \$15 from his roll of notes, and handed back \$285, saying,

"I deposit dat mit you. You're good, I see."

And taking his new certificate, he departed with his \$15 premium.

TO CITY GALLIES.

The following "Notice" can be seen in a conspicuous place in the city, near the head of the stairs, connected with a range of offices in a neighboring city:—

NOTICE TO FUGITIVES.

No Gold or Steel Pens wanted.
No Books or Maps wanted.
No Paper or Envelopes wanted.
No Essex R. R. Stock wanted.
No encouragement given to organ-grinders or monkeys.

No attention paid to subscription papers.
No money given to stragglers or such cattle.

No old Boots for sale or to let.

Five notices similar to the above have been stolen from the entry by some enraged peddler, Boot man, or Monkey; and one who considers himself a clown or a Jackass, will steal this.

Too True.—The following incident in Western practice, illustrates the wicked carelessness with which affidavits are frequently taken:

A livery stable keeper was requested to call at the office of an attorney who was transacting some business for a friend of his.

"Here," says the lawyer, "sign this affidavit."

Livery stable keeper signs it.

"Take off your hat," says a notary, standing by.

The livery man obeys.

"Hold up your hand."

Up go both hands to the highest point.

"You swear," etc., "that the contents of this affidavit, by you subscribed, are true."

"Yes—what is it?"

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IS A HURRY.

"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse, 't'other day?" "A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, drops off dead in half an hour.

His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered.

He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom," "Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Caesar."

"So it did with mine."

AN EXTENSIVE SALE.—A good old lady, recently meeting a farmer on a load of hay, inquired of him if it was for sale.

On being answered in the affirmative, she asked him to turn his team around, and drive to her husband's barn yard, some quarter of a mile distant.

Her request was complied with, and after the barn yard was reached, the old lady informed the teamster that she only wanted a few cents' worth of hay to make a hen's nest, and while he was throwing it off, she would step into the house and get the change.

THE HORSE BOON GIVES IN.—If a horse in harness, however resolutely he may be proceeding, slips upon pavement, and falls heavily on his side, after vainly making three or four violent struggles to rise, he becomes all of a sudden so completely cowed, that not only without any resistance does he allow his harness piecemeal to be unbuttoned, the carriage detached, and pushed away far behind him, but, when lying thus perfectly unfettered, it requires kicks, stripes, and a malediction or two to induce him to make the little effort necessary to rise from his prostrate state.

Again, in the hunting field, a noble, high-couraged horse, a rasher at any description of fence, the very sight of which seems to inflame his ardor, in most gallant style charges a brook, when he is in the air he sees is too broad to be cleared.

In his chest striking against the bank, and while his rider, delighted at feeling that he is not a bit hurt, is luxuriatingly rolling over and over on the green grass like a rabbit that at full speed has been shot dead, this gallant steed makes two, three, or four desperate efforts to get to him; and yet, simply because the mud at the bottom of the brook catches hold of his hind feet, and the sticky perpendicular clay bank grasps his fore ones, his courage suddenly fails him, and as nothing will then induce him to make another effort, it becomes necessary to send, often several miles, for cart-horses to drag this high-bred animal out by his neck.

But although this strange mixture of courage and cowardice appears to us at first to be inexplicable, yet on reflection we must perceive that it is in strict accordance with the beneficent decree, that "man should have dominion over every beast of the field."

—The Horse and His Rider. By Sir P. R. Head, Bart.

A CREDULOUS BURMESE.—Some of these men who had fled from the war, were thrown into our prisons, and gave us marvellous accounts of the skill and prowess of the English troops, exaggerated by their own superstitious fancies. They firmly believed in our using enchantments. One of these convicts affirmed that even our missiles were charmed before they were fired off, and knew what they had to do. He was standing, he said, near his Tiek-Ai, an officer of rank, when a huge ball of iron came singing "tick, tick," which he distinctly heard in its flight, when, true to its mission, it burst upon the very man it was calling out for, the unfortunate Tiek-Ai! Those who have seen shell practice, know the peculiar hissing noise made by the fuse in its course through the air, and can enter into the mistake of the wonder-stricken soldier. Our surgical operations, too, had come to his knowledge, but, with the ignorance of a savage, he concluded our surgeons amputated injured limbs only to repair and fit them on again. He could not conceive any other motive for cutting them off.—Personal Narratives of "Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah." By Henry Gopfer.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE JAW.—The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds.

This is only what science tells us, but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand pounds a year to them.



SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

As Captain —, of the 13th Light Polkers, was skating with the lovely and accomplished Emily D., their feelings suddenly gave way. They broke the ice, and we hear they have not yet been extricated from their perilous situation!

THE MONK BASEL.

The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basel, that, being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good-humor of the monk, that, wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most unchristian angels; and, when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success, for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the excommunicated angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying that no punishment could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basel remained incorrigibly Basel. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.—Emerson's "Conduct of Life."

WIDOW LIFE IN INDIA.

The very day a girl becomes a widow, her colored clothes, silver and golden ornaments, are all taken off. Henceforth she has to dress in white, and wear no ornament of any kind whatever during her lifetime. Her daily meals are reduced to one, and that is prepared in the simplest way possible. She is strictly prohibited the use of any sort of animal food. Each widow is required to cook her own food, and to abstain entirely from food and drink two days in every month. On the first days, when the burning sun dries up the ponds and scorches the leaves of the trees, these poor victims faint and pant in hunger and thirst. If they are dying on the *akshat* day, a little water will be put on the lips merely to wet them. They have no hope of ever cheering their widowhood in the world. A learned Brahmin, the principal of Calcutta Sanscrit College, is earnestly engaged in redeeming the condition of the widows, by introducing the system of widow marriage.

ANIMAL FOOD VS. VEGETABLE DIET.—The vegetarian theory is already pretty well knocked on the head.—Horace Greeley, the last of its prominent disciples, having long ago given it up in despair, but not before it had covered him with boils and other irritations of the skin and tissues. Never was there a greater humbug than the vegetarian. So far from flesh having an injurious effect, it has the most beneficial influence upon the human system. Among those who have not the means of taking a proper quantity of animal food, a variety of diseases occur from undernutrition. The flesh of animals is more readily digested and more speedily appropriated than the flesh-forming principles of plants; hence it is a necessity for those races of men who are strong in muscle and active of thought. We warn the public never again to listen to the blandishments of stewed carrots and parsnips, fried cauliflowers and apple possets. These things may please the palate, they may fill the stomach, but they cannot supply the material of muscle and brain to the men who have to do the work of America in this railroad century.

DERIVATION OF CELEBRATED NAMES.—The name of the gorgeous French palace of Tuileries was derived from the circumstance, that where the palace stands was the site of an old manufactory of tiles (tuilleries), as if one should say the tile-house. Oxford, the name of the celebrated seat of learning, has a derivation equally humble: Oxford is only the ox-path across the river. Bosphorus is a high-sounding name in the Greek language; but what is it in the English translation, but bull-path or ox-ford?

True friends do not require continual putting to keep them in good nature.

An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

Agricultural.

ORCHARDS ON STEEP HILLSIDES.

A correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly says:—

I would always prefer a sheltered situation behind a hill or wood for my orchard. Steep hillsides are generally objected to for planting an apple orchard; but I think a steep hillside is not the worst place, by any means. My hillside orchard is doing quite as well as any I have. It is in the form of a half circle, with a south-eastern exposure. I planted my trees in a half circle to suit the hill, in order to make it more pleasant to work, and also to keep it from washing. I think that trees can be placed much closer to advantage on a steep hillside than elsewhere. My method of cultivation has been to plough down from the upper side to within four or five feet of the next row. I plough the first furrow close to the row with one horse; I then plough the balance with two horses.

In four or five ploughings it will form a terrace that will answer a very good purpose. I had also planted a row of nursery trees with each row of orchard trees, which did very well. By merely working from the upper side, the spaces are now level, or rather inclining a little back, which causes it to retain moisture much longer than it did before it was ploughed into terraces. The spaces between the terraces I use for strawberries, blackberries, seed beds, etc. It is also a first-rate place to raise early vegetables.

This side-hill used to be a regular eyesore, but now it is the prettiest part of my farm. I think we can make no better use of our steep side-hills than to plant them with trees, if it were for nothing else than for the appearance. The grass growing on the terraces we used, when the trees were young, for mowing, drawing mellow ground on them from the upper side.

ATMOSPHERIC FERTILIZERS.—M. Barmat, of Paris, has lately made the discovery that rain-water contains minute quantities of phosphorus. He believes that it exists in the atmosphere in the form of phosphated hydrogen, which escapes from decaying animal substances. As phosphorus is necessary to the fertility of soils, we have in this discovery a key which unlocks the secret of "summer fallow" lands becoming fertile. The ancient Hebrews were accustomed to allow the land to rest without cultivation every few years. This was, no doubt, for the purpose of restoring it from comparative barrenness by cropping, to renewed fertility. It is now well known that ammonia also exists in rain-water, and this is held to be the chief of fertilizing agents. Any worn out lands may be restored to fertility by allowing them seasons for repose, in the same manner that Moses provided for the perpetual fertility of the land of Israel.—Scientific American.

"SWEETENING" CUT HAY FOR COWS.—A correspondent of the Homestead, in an account of a noted milk farm near Hartford, says the farmer, Mr. Gates, cuts most of his hay in winter, moistening it, and thoroughly mixing it with a thin swirl of rye, corn and cotton-seed meal, and water, allowing the mow to lie from one feeding time to another, to swell and sweeten before using. "I say sweeten, not turn sour," he feels before it comes to that." The writer thinks the process analogous to that undergone in a sour apple, which "if bruised on the side, the juice of that spot becomes decidedly sweet in a short time—the saccharine ferment, conversion of starch into sugar, and all that," taking place.

WATER ON STOCK FARMS.—Mr. Strawn, the great Illinois farmer, gives the following method in the Farmer's Advocate for keeping water on a stock farm.—Dig a basin five or ten rods square and ten feet deep, upon a high knoll. Feed corn in the basin to four hogs and cattle until it is well puddled by the tramping of their feet, which will make it almost water-tight. He says the rains of a single winter sufficed to accommodate several hundred head of cattle, and that it had been dry but once in twelve years.

HUSKING CORN.—A writer in your last issue speaks of a young man in his employ, who husked in one forenoon, and quit at 13 o'clock, forty bushels, and bound up part of the stocks—that he superintended the measuring, &c., then adds:—"If any man or boy can beat this, we shall be pleased to hear from them."

He does not say whether the bushels were ears or shelled corn. In either case, we have men in Salem county who can husk more corn in a given time.

I know a man who did husk in four and a half hours, between six and half-past ten o'clock the same forenoon, one hundred bushels of ears of corn—making sixty-two bushels shelled corn, at the rate the corn usually turns out from the husk of ears. I also superintended the husking and measuring, and know the account to be correct. The corn was of a large eared variety and would yield near seventy bushels per acre.

He had a man who boasted on his fast husking, and after performing the above feat, he offered said man ten dollars if he would husk as much, or five dollars if he would find any other man who would—in the same length of time—in a field of better corn. But the offer was never accepted—the trial never made. After that, in better corn, on a short trial against time, he husked over eleven bushels of ears in 21 minutes, or at the rate of forty bushels in 75 minutes.—D. P., of Salem, N. J., in Country Gentleman.

THE YANKEE APPLE.—A tall, green-looking Yankee accosted a visitor at a country fair, having a fine looking apple in his hand, and begged him to tell the name if he could.

He tasted it; but, shade of Pomona! of all the sour apples he ever ate, this capped the climax. It was worse than verjuice. "Waal, now, stranger," said the Yankee, "that's the most useful apple on my hull farm. I call it the Yankee apple, 'cause it can't be beat. It looks so good, and yet is so tarrn'sour, that I use it to graft on all the limbs of my apple-trees standing near the road; the upper limbs to Greenings, Swans, and sick like good apples. Now, the boys, see'n' sick good-lookin' apples handy, jump the fence, seize the first fair one they can reach, take one bite, but I swear, after one bite, they never wait to take another, but run off as fast as legs can carry them to Deacon Simmons's orchard, to taste one of his good Baldwins to take the sour taste out of their mouths. My orchard sarlin'ly has an orful reputation with the risin' generation, and so I save my fruit. Now, if this ere is not a very useful apple, I'd like to know what is."

Useful Receipts.

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans, generally, are not cooked half long enough. This is our method:—Two quarts of middling-sized white beans, two pounds of salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash, and add a gallon of boiling hot soft water; let them soak in it over night; in the morning put them in fresh water and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoonful of saleratus. Take them up dry, and put them in your dish, stir in the molasses, wash the pork, and put it down in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them, and add more water from time to time as it dries away. [The foregoing is a first rate receipt. Those who don't like the *idea* of the molasses, may omit it, though it adds to the perfection of the dish.]—Germania Telegraph.

CEMENT FOR RENDERING JOINTS STEAM-TIGHT.—The following receipt forms a strong and durable cement for joining the flanges of iron cylinders of steam engines or hydraulic machines.—Mix boiled linseed oil, litharge, red and white lead together, to a proper consistence, always using the large proportion of the white lead. This composition may be applied to a piece of flannel and fitted to the joints. Cisterns built of large square stones, and put together with this cement, will never leak. A more powerful cement for withstanding the action of steam, composed in the proportion of two ounces of sal ammoniac, and four ounces of sulphur, made into a stiff paste with a little water. When the cement is wanted for use, dissolve a portion of the paste in water rendered slightly acid, and add a quantity of iron turnings or filings, sifted or powdered, to render the particles of uniform size. This mixture, put into the interstices of iron work, will, in a short time become as hard as stone. From experience, it is ascertained that more depends upon caulking the joints than in mixing the cement.

BLACK IRK POWDER.—Sulphate of iron, calcined, six ounces; powdered nut galls, two ounces; powdered gum arabic, two drachms. A teaspoonful to a pint and a half of cold water.

BLUE IRK.—Chinese blue, three ounces; oxalic acid (pure), three quarters of an ounce; gum arabic, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, six pints. Mix.

GREEN WRITING IRK.—Take one ounce of verdigris, and having powdered it, put to it one quart of vinegar; after it has stood two or three days, strain off the liquid. Or, instead of this, use the crystals of verdigris dissolved in water; then dissolve, in one pint of either of these solutions, five drachms of gum arabic, and two drachms of white sugar.

YEAST POULTICE.—Flour, one pound; yeast of beer, half a pint. Mix, and expose the mixture to a gentle heat, until it begins to smell, when it is fit for use. This is of excellent use when applied to painful, foul, or gangrenous ulcers.

It is not cowardice to yield to necessity, nor courage to stand out against it.

He has not lost all who has the future still left to him.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 96 letters.

My 15, 5, 4, 23, 2, 32, is a county in New York.

My 10, 18, 9, is a river Russia.

My 7, 1, 24, 8, is a town in Russia.

My 6, 25, 63, 3, 11, 12, 15, 51, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My 14, 17, 27, 16, 34, is a sea in Russia.

My 66, 19, 30, 24, 60, 73, 71, is a county in England.

My 66, 35, 64, is a sea in Asia.

My 70, 47, 21, 25, 46, 63, is a town in Connecticut.

My 37, 30, 29, 26, 28, is a county in England.

My 26, 41, 42, 44, 96, 83, 63, is a town in Missouri.

My 55, 8, 67, 40, 56, 12, 74, 92, 90, 66, is a county in Ohio.

My 23, 65, 69, 49, 50, 48, 37, is a town in Indiana.

My 31, 69, 31, 31, 31, 83, 31, 56, 23, is a town in Illinois.

My 63, 62, 52, 43, 93, 73, is a town in Missouri.

My 8, 91, 76, 33, 73, 70, is the capital of one of the United States.

My 29, 73, 73, 64, 89, 70, is a town in Tennessee.

My 79, 78, 78, 74, 76, 88, 59, 9, is a town in Mississippi.

My 65, 5, 87, 95, is a lake in New York.

My 57, 84, 66, 5, 65, 45, 51, 68, 67, 80, is a town in Indiana.

My 54, 62, 66, 41, 33, is one of the great lakes.

My 6, 68, 94, 61, 57, 38, 2, is a town in Prussia.

My 68, 80, 60, 63, 95, is a river in Switzerland.

My 5, 80, 11, 70, 22, is a river in Germany.

My whole is an old saying.

EDWARD NEWTON.

CHARADE.

I'm clear, I'm dull, of varied size;
By me the waters fall and rise;
I'm trodden down beneath the dust;
Like unused talent, often rust;
I noisy speak, or silent glide,
Upon the stream or briny tide;
I guard much wealth; the felon lies
Condemned to death, the felon dies;
But yet before that death can be,
He oft repentant passes me,
Off to a maid a lover's strain
Is sung and played, and sung in vain.
Off she reverts, upon the sea,
He sighs for her, and prizes me.

I. IL.—(Kirkmichael, N. Y.)

22. An answer is required.

RIDDLE.

The support of old age, the pride of the boy;

The very small child uses me as a toy;

When I'm bruised, I give forth a very sweet

juice.

Both pleasant to taste, and common in use,

In Naples I'm tall, in Toulouse I am short,

In the East I am gathered, am sold, and am

bought.

Sometimes I am used for a pipe or a pole,

For a fight, for defence, by both young and

old.

All colors I wear, as fancy may paint,